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POLITICAL PROSPECTS.

NEXT Tuesday the Session of Parliament will open for formal business, and ten days later the struggle of parties will or may begin in earnest. There has not recently been a Session when the probable course of events could be less confidently foretold. It may be said, with some positiveness, that almost all those who have announced, as if they knew them, the intentions of the Government or of the Opposition have been merely practising a very common, though it would seem a still effective, variety of the *blague* of journalism. On the other hand, those who do know have for the most part strong reasons for not saying, the strongest of all those reasons being that in the circumstances a knowledge of the intentions of the other side is half the battle. No party has a majority; the Conservatives have no intention of obtaining one by buying the Parnellites; Mr. GLADSTONE, having bid for the Parnellites, is anxiously waiting to see whether he will not lose more of the motley mob known as the Liberal party than he can gain by the bid; the Parnellites, powerless by themselves, are very wisely expecting an opportunity of striking in at an advantage. On their part the object (separation from England and the weakening of England) is perfectly well known. On Mr. GLADSTONE's part the object (recovery of office by hook or by crook, by fair means or by foul) is also perfectly well known. But the probable conduct of the majority of the Liberal party is for once accurately described by a phrase dear to unimaginative journalists. It is "shrouded in mystery," and the immediate course of action likely to be adopted by the Government is not much more certain. Those who would divulge it do not know, and those who know it probably have good reasons for not divulging it.

The usual public instructor has apparently made up his mind that the plan of a voluntary and initial challenge by the Government (in reply to which the House of Commons would have to say whether it wishes the recent Ministry to continue its hitherto very successful conduct of affairs or to hand over the said conduct to the authors of five years' unbroken blundering) has been abandoned. This conclusion probably rests more on considerations of advantage than on positive information. It cannot be denied that every reason of convenience, of public interest, and of private expediency would seem to deter Lord SALISBURY from such a plan. By adopting it the one bond of union in the Liberal party—a bond which they have lost and are helplessly seeking to find—is restored to them. Many of them would be hard put to it to say, especially after recent events, that they have confidence in Mr. GLADSTONE. But the reason of their political existence is simply that they have no confidence in Lord SALISBURY. That they can say with a clear conscience; and it is about the only thing that they can so say. Nor does it seem very certain that Mr. PARNELL would find his account in answering "Yes" to such a question. By answering "No," which happens to be the true answer, he would, indeed, put the party with whom he recently had so deep a quarrel in power, but he would put it in power with the understanding that its chief and not a few of his subordinates have already surrendered at discretion and are only waiting to bring round their followers. On the other hand, a vote of confidence obtained in such a manner by Liberal abstentions and Parnellite votes would add no real strength to Lord SALISBURY's position. It would at most show, what

is notorious already, that with a majority of thinking men in Parliament distrust of Mr. GLADSTONE has risen to a point where it shuts out all other considerations. But that is a very negative advantage, and it has, in fact, been secured already by Mr. GLADSTONE's signal failure to carry the constituencies with him. How signal that failure is an excellent comparative table, recently published by the *Daily News*, exhibits in striking form. After the third Reform Bill and in an augmented House, the Liberals have come back weaker by a hundred and forty-four than in 1832 after the first, weaker by forty-seven than in 1868 after the second. As compared with such crushing evidence of Mr. GLADSTONE's failure, a mere single division in the House of Commons, the reversal of which next day or next week no man could in the present state of the House guard against, would be of no value whatever. When this is considered, and when the grave national inconvenience of once more entrusting the affairs of the nation to the hands of Mr. GLADSTONE is considered also, it is not strange that many authorities have held it impossible that Lord SALISBURY should break through precedent and risk disaster by asking for precisely the one demonstration of confidence which might be refused, and which would be of little or no use when given. If these authorities should turn out to be wrong, it must be supposed that the private intelligence which scarcely any one out of the Cabinet ever possesses in full has revealed to Lord SALISBURY one of two things. The one is the existence among Liberals of a distrust of Mr. GLADSTONE, in consequence of his recent fishings in Home Rule waters, so profound and irreconcilable that almost any experiment may be tried upon it. The other is that, in the present state of the House of Commons, effective carrying on of the affairs of the country is impossible to any party, his own as well as Mr. GLADSTONE's, Mr. GLADSTONE's as well as his own. It might in this case seem desirable to throw the burden of that impossibility and of the fresh dissolution which it must sooner or later bring about on the shoulders which are really responsible for it, and to let Mr. GLADSTONE break down in the attempt to govern. It has also to be remembered that a refusal on the part of the Liberal leader to take office thus forced on him, or an inability on his part to form a Government, may also enter into the calculations of the Ministry.

We have, however, seen no reason to alter the opinion that the pursuance of the ordinary course would be by far the best both for party and national interests. In the state in which the Liberal party at present is, nothing is possible for it but further disintegration, unless the bond of union is supplied in the manner above hinted, and by the prospect of renewed tenure of office. Mr. GLADSTONE, except as far as the platform is concerned, has never been a good leader of Opposition, and it is now almost impossible for him to do anything as such which will not add to the grudges against him in the minds of a motley, placeless, mutually distrustful collection like his present following. A judicious distribution of loaves and fishes, a judicious gratification of fads and crotchets, might cement that collection into something like unity. Hardly anything else could do it. To raise the Irish question would be to place himself at once between the Devil of the unsatisfied Parnellites and the deep sea of those Liberals who have declared irreconcilably against a Parliament in Dublin. There is no foreign question to take the place of the (in Liberal estimation) ever-blessed atrocities of Mr. GLADSTONE's last climb to

power. If in electioneering Mr. GLADSTONE signally failed to devise any cry which would unite his followers, he can hardly hope to do so in Opposition. Meanwhile the breach between the Radicals and the Liberals, between the new Radicals and the old, will have time to widen, and can only widen to the benefit of Conservatives. As for national interests abroad, there not only cannot be, but is not, any difference of opinion among sane men off the platform and out of the columns of newspapers. There are not three Radicals out of ten who, in private and speaking their minds, would declare for the replacing of foreign affairs in the hands of Lord GRANVILLE or of military affairs in the hands of those who, as the British taxpayer has just had put before him in the most telling and concrete of forms, levied thirty-three per cent. increase on the Income-tax for the purpose of leaving GORDON to die and putting up with the insult of Penj-deh. And it would certainly seem that, while the excellence of Conservative administration as contrasted with that of their rivals, in home no less than in foreign affairs, is extracting reluctant praises day by day from the most unlikely mouths, it would be no less a party than a national mistake to restore to the incompetent the opportunity of showing their incompetence.

SIR JAMES STEPHEN ON HOME RULE.

IT is melancholy to reflect on the inordinate waste of time and human energy which nowadays attends what is called, but only called, "the discussion" of political questions. In at least three cases out of four the wearisome arguing and re-arguing of the great issues of policy is significant, not of intellectual doubt, but of moral irresolution. There is, of course, much comfort in persuading oneself that weakness of will is caution of judgment, and that the line of right action is difficult to discern when our only real difficulty is in mustering up courage to enter upon it. Such flattering self-deceptions, however, have never perhaps been more humiliatingly exposed than in Sir JAMES STEPHEN's two letters to the *Times* on Home Rule. How many reams of manuscript, how many columns of printed type, have been and will yet be filled with talk "about and about" the demands and needs of Ireland, the duties and interests of England in the matter! And yet what new information or sound counsel are they likely to add to the contents of these letters, covering together but little more than one page of a morning newspaper? That space is literally all that the subject requires for its perfectly exhaustive treatment; and nothing could more clearly show that the endless debate which it has undergone, and is undergoing, is, on the Irish side, so much mere attempt at the obfuscation of English faculties, and on the English side so much mere excuse for the moral cowardice of our present palterings with the Home Rule demand. Sir JAMES STEPHEN has in these pregnant letters cut the ground from under the feet of those English politicians who are, or who pretend to be, impressed by the one argument from precedent or supposed analogy which the Home Rulers adduce in favour of their claim; and who, when hard pressed in argument, take refuge in a parrot-like repetition of the names of our "self-governing colonies." And to dispose of this cry once for all is in effect to silence the last rational—we might almost say the last articulate—plea for concession to the demands of Mr. PARNELL. There will of course remain the "statesmanlike" persons who hold that "something must be done"—meaning something of the wrong kind; and the light-hearted persons who hold that we need not mind taking the risk of doing the wrong thing, since we could, by a sufficient expenditure of blood and treasure, undo it again. But these are counsellors whom we shall always have with us; and, neither set of them being in any sense of the word rational, we may leave them alone.

The great service rendered by Sir JAMES STEPHEN's letters is their demolition of what we may for short call the "Canada argument"; and this he demolishes in the most effective of all ways—namely, by a logical classification of all the various cases of unobjectionable self-government and a demonstration of the vital dissimilarity between the case of Ireland and that of any of them. The conditions under which self-governing powers can properly be granted are, as Sir JAMES STEPHEN says, reducible to two. (1) "When the persons invested with them are themselves directly accountable to the government of the country for the use which they make of them; or (2) When the colonies to which they are granted are likely to use them

"in good faith and in a spirit friendly to England, and are either not intended to be retained in the last resort by force of arms, or are so small and weak that they are never likely to try to leave us." The first of these is the case of India, where the Governor-General and Council have been entrusted with more extensive legislative powers than even the Imperial Parliament itself has ever exercised, but where, of course, the depositaries of these powers could, in the event of abuse, be immediately deprived of them. The self-governing countries which are "too small and weak to be likely to try to leave us" are the Channel Islands and the Isle of Man; while Canada, South Africa, Australia, and New Zealand are, of course, the colonies where the grant of self-governing powers "involved, as," indeed, it was meant to involve, the consequence that "from that time forth the connexion between such a colony and the British Isles should depend ultimately on the good will of both parties, and that any idea of retaining it by force in any event whatever and in the last resort should be definitely renounced." This last proposition may be thought, perhaps, to be somewhat too broadly stated; but it is not, in fact, very material to the argument whether this be so or not. It is, at any rate, undeniable that, if the mother-country did not exactly "mean" the grant of self-government to involve a "renunciation" of "every idea" of a forcible retention of colonial allegiance, she failed to foresee the most obvious consequences of her actions. It is enough for Sir JAMES STEPHEN's purposes that self-government never ought to have been granted to these colonies except on the assumption that, if they chose to vote themselves independent of the British Crown, we should make no attempt to prevent them by force of arms from carrying such a vote into effect. Now it is common ground with both parties that the grant of self-government to Ireland would involve no such assumption; but that, on the contrary, it would be understood on the Irish no less than the English side that any attempt on the part of Ireland to achieve complete independence would be immediately suppressed and punished by an exertion of the military strength of England. Hence the "Canada argument" is left without a leg to stand upon. The endeavour to bring Ireland into line with the self-governing colonies fails in the very first and fundamental conditions of the comparison. Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR and the section of Home Rulers whom he represents may of course persevere in their demand that Ireland should be made a "Canada," but to do so they must find quite other reasons for so doing than those which went to the making of the Canada that now is.

There is, of course, but one condition on which the defects of the analogy could be safely overlooked. If the grant of self-government is not to carry with it the grant of potential independence, as both parties agree that it is not, it is for those who ask the concession of the right in question to show that what is granted will not, in fact, be used to obtain what was withheld. And this, again, can only be done in one of two ways—either (1) by demonstrating how the self-governing community can be bound or bind itself not to use self-government for the purpose of obtaining independence; or (2) by showing it to be either certain or so highly probable as to approach to certainty that such self-governing community, though not restrained or restrained from the attempt to procure its own independence, will not, in fact, entertain any desire or idea of making it. On the former of these questions Mr. LABOUCHERE, as representing what he very reasonably believes to be the general view of the Parnellite party, has spoken out with praiseworthy candour. There are no means, he virtually admits, or none to which the Irish are willing to submit, whereby the powers of an Irish Parliament could be consensually so limited as to preclude it from shaping its legislative and administrative policy to the furtherance of separation. This, in substance, was the reply made by Mr. LABOUCHERE to Sir JAMES STEPHEN's challenge, and we recommend it to those persons who are exercising themselves with ingenuities about a Royal veto upon Irish legislation. In answer to the question, What effectual precaution can be taken against the efforts of an Irish Parliament to effect a separation between Ireland and Great Britain? Mr. LABOUCHERE says frankly that no "sort" of political arrangement can be devised for this purpose with any hope of its being workable unless there be a *bona fide* intention on both sides to make it workable. In other words, it must depend upon the good will of ill will—on the friendly indulgence of our Irish enemies—whether the gift of self-government would or would not be turned to

our injury. All Mr. LABOUCHERE's clients are not so outspoken as himself; but, though there may be some among them who regret the frankness of the admission, we doubt whether there would be found one among the whole eighty-six who would risk his popularity with his countrymen by repudiating it. They would tacitly assent to his proposition that no workable political arrangement could be devised which would prevent an Irish Parliament from striving for Irish independence; and they would associate themselves with his consolatory remark that England would "retain the power of the sword," and could use it in the last resort for slaughtering Irish rebels of her own creation.

As to the alternative plea that Home Rule itself will operate as the safeguard against its own dangers—that to give Ireland the power of declaring her separation from Great Britain will make her cease to wish for it—the contention to that effect is too preposterous to need even the brief but conclusive exposure which Sir JAMES STEPHEN has given it. The short answer to it is that, by the confession of Home Rulers of every shade, the power of independent legislation is sought for the express purpose of legislating against certain classes of Irishmen in whom Englishmen are peculiarly interested, and whom they are bound by every consideration of honour and interest to support. So far, therefore, from the grant of legislative independence extinguishing the desire for separation, it is avowedly intended to be used for effecting the first step towards separation—namely, the oppression and expulsion of those Irishmen who are desirous of maintaining the Union between the two countries. The fact no doubt constitutes one of those "tremendous dangers" of which Mr. JOHN MORLEY has again expressed his awestricken recognition, while at the same time repeating to the Essex Liberals the strange advice already given by him elsewhere that these tremendous dangers should be incurred. He prefers that course to that of renewing the Crimes Act, as Sir JAMES STEPHEN recommends, because, forsooth, renewing the Crimes Act has been "tried before," and "did not give you a peaceful and contented Ireland." The police, in like manner, do not succeed in giving us entirely "peaceful" metropolitan streets, especially at the East End of London; but we doubt whether many Londoners would be willing on that account to face the tremendous danger of withdrawing the police altogether and granting Home Rule to the crime and ruffianism of the capital.

POSITIVISTS AND POLITICS.

WITH an almost inconsistent condescension to popular custom, the Positive Society or Church, and its chief English representative, Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON, recognize the beginning of the year. The stricter members of the sect celebrate as the year 93, or perhaps 94, the anniversary of the first French Republic or of the sacred Reign of Terror; but it is satisfactory to know that they observe, in common with the vulgar herd, the natural recurrence of the seasons. That which is called New Year's Day in England, and, according to some unknown etymology, Hogmanay in Scotland, appears in Fetter Lane as the Festival of Humanity. On that occasion Mr. HARRISON always delivers an eloquent speech on the progress of Positivism, on things in general, and on the politics of the day. A creed which no human being, except the few who believe it, ever affected to understand is not generally interesting to the profane. It appears from Mr. HARRISON's statement that the Positivist Church has lately acquired some proselytes in Manchester and New York; but its disciples are still largely outnumbered by the Freemasons, the Odd Fellows, and the Primrose League; and Mr. HARRISON's oratory would be wasted on the outside multitude. One part of his discourse consisted of a vigorous denunciation of the annexation of Burmah. It requires no transcendental philosophy or inspired wisdom to appreciate the danger of unavoidable quarrels with barbarous tribes and rulers on the outskirts of a vast empire; but it may be hoped that the Positivist revelation is erroneous when it announces through Mr. HARRISON that "conquest and annexation advance till the day comes—and it must come—when the whole Empire will topple down in bloody ruin." The process which is described as fatal is no other than the succession of struggles by which all the great empires of history have been built up:—

*Sic fortis Etruria crevit
Scilicet, et rerum facta est pulcherrima Roma.*

It was after ambition was satisfied, and when the central force was ruinously weakened, that barbarism once more, by default of the natural guardians of civilization, overspread the world.

The expediency or disadvantage of annexing Burmah will be tested by time; but by general consent the measure is deemed safer than the establishment of a protectorate; and the dethronement of the reigning tyrant, if it has involved fresh responsibilities, at the same time puts a summary end to complicated difficulties which might have resulted from European intrigues. It was by similar enterprises that British India came into existence, forming the noblest and most beneficent of all political creations. Even if the whole Empire is destined to topple down in bloody ruin, it will have performed inestimable service to mankind, if not to the unintelligible abstraction which under the name of Humanity is erected by the Positivists into an idol. Their leader maintains a tenable position when he contends that it would have been better to bear longer with the misconduct of the Burmese Government; but the annexation is not necessarily unjust or unprofitable because it is the result of conquest. Ancient Gaul would not have been more prosperous if it had retained its barbarous independence than as a highly civilized province of the Roman Empire. If Mr. HARRISON's gloomy forebodings prove to be correct, the credit which may be due to his political sagacity will be wholly independent of any philosophical or religious theory. A prophet who happens to be also an accomplished man of the world will be judged by a mundane standard.

It is difficult to say anything new of the latest newspaper topics; but the Positivists claim a copyright or patent monopoly by virtue of prior discovery in some of the political proposals which have for many weeks been the subjects of popular discussion. It seems that "Free schools, free Church, local self-government, are three cardinal points of Positivist faith." Mr. CHAMBERLAIN never knew when he was bribing the labourers and exciting the cupidity of the rabble that he was borrowing the esoteric formulas of a mysterious religion. Perhaps the other alternative would be equally correct. Mr. HARRISON in the passage of his sermon which has been last quoted repeats the catchwords of the commonplace Radical. The only difference is that he has descended on the vulgar phrases of democracy from a higher sphere; while Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and Mr. JESSE COLLINGS use the simplest means of acquiring power for themselves and their allies. The political doctrines of Positivism are, in truth, almost more abstruse than their religious articles and liturgies. Mr. HARRISON uniformly protests against the despotism of the greatest number; but his practical recommendations coincide with the proposals which are rendered possible or plausible by the institution of household suffrage. A free Church apparently means a church supported by voluntary subscriptions, and controlled by contributors to the fund. Local Government has lately been understood as the administrative omnipotence of an Assembly elected by the ratepayers of a county or district. These things may be desirable or defensible; but they scarcely need to be deduced from sacred and universal truths.

It is in dealing with Ireland that Mr. HARRISON is most anxious to assert the Positivist priority of invention. It appears that before faction had reconciled itself to the prospect of anarchy "our body first raised its voice in the 'Letters on Ireland, by our friend Dr. BRIDGES, published in 1867, in favour of the frank recognition of the Irish nationality, and the establishment of a national Irish Government.' Dr. CONGREVE also proposed 'to create in Ireland a self-existing and self-ruling unit among Western States.' 'We were, in fact, Home Rulers before the Home Rule party existed, before Mr. GLADSTONE ever touched the Church or the land, long before the Land League, or the National League, or the Nationalist party were formed.' The arrival of Chaos, which now seems imminent, might have been accelerated by several years if only the professed advocates of order, of obedience, and of discipline had been as powerful as they think themselves now. The Positive Church has always been in favour of the destruction of the Irish Establishment, of the so-called restoration of the land to those who were not its owners, and of "Imperial grants to develop again the ruined industries of the island." Mr. PARNELL and the National League and the Moonlighters are realizing in practice the blessings which would have resulted at an earlier time from a Positivist or Fenian policy. One of Mr. HARRISON's

aspirations is perhaps doomed to disappointment. When Ireland is wholly separated from England, and established as a hostile Republic, even a Radical House of Commons will scarcely be inclined to make grants from the English Exchequer to develop the ruined industries of a neighbour who will be actively engaged in legislation against English trade.

An unkind reference is made to an illustrious statesman, who might almost be claimed as a convert by the philosophic promoters of confiscation and of the dissolution of the Empire. "We have not," says Mr. HARRISON, "to be converted by Mr. GLADSTONE, nor are we suddenly converted by his own somewhat startling conversion." The adhesion of the Positivists to the Fenian doctrine seems, in fact, to have resulted from a purely disinterested love of spoliation and disorder. "We can foresee that a large democratic House on the English model, sitting in Dublin, wholly without the strong traditions which still steady our English House of Commons, and without the immense silent forces latent in English society, may issue in miserable anarchy, even possibly in civil war." It need hardly be said that to a body of theosophists trifling drawbacks such as anarchy and civil war are not allowed to stand in the way of illustration of a favourite theory. BURKE has been accused of injustice for his denunciation of the unscrupulous cruelty of the French sophists whom he called metaphysicians. The dislike which COMTE professed for metaphysics may perhaps be compatible with participation in some of their distinctive peculiarities. Mr. HARRISON knows that, if the separation of Ireland is effected, the new Government will consist of a democratic Assembly such as that which he accurately describes. "The smaller it is, the less like the English in its functions; and the more distinctly separate from purely executive functions, the less, no doubt, will be the danger of misrule and confusion and tyranny." The Irish Parliament will not be small, it will not decline executive functions, and it will necessarily be copied from the English model. Nevertheless the Positivists have for twenty years consistently recommended an institution which, as they rightly believe, and complacently announce, will produce misrule, confusion, tyranny, and civil war. Mr. GLADSTONE is not so consciously or so disinterestedly devoted to the propagation of evil. Mr. HARRISON and his friends have nothing to gain by the mischief which they anticipate as the result of their policy in Ireland and in England. Mr. GLADSTONE pursues the same object for the first time when he believes that it may secure him a party triumph. When he was in Midlothian he was opposed to Home Rule because he hoped that the election would give him a majority over the possibly combined forces of the Conservatives and of the followers of Mr. PARNELL. It was only when the alliance of the Parnellites seemed to be the condition of his return to office that Mr. GLADSTONE announced, though with characteristic ambiguity, the change of opinion which Mr. HARRISON calls "a somewhat startling conversion." In one respect Mr. GLADSTONE has, perhaps, an advantage over his Positivist critics. He has, no doubt, by this time convinced himself that his latest scheme for his own benefit is dictated by the loftiest motives, and that it will conduce to the happiness of England and of Ireland. The Positivists perhaps owe to their long training in the acceptance or invention of paradoxes the sublime indifference with which they contemplate the necessary results of their remarkable doctrines. They foresee "that there may be cruel troubles yet in store for England and Ireland in the last wretch," that "many an innocent one may suffer, and many an evil one work his bad will," "that England may ring with rage and shame before it is all over," and that "Ireland may pass through times of hardship and distress"; but the Positivist creed will be asserted, and perhaps strengthened, by the blood of vicarious martyrs. *Perat justitia—ruat cælum* is but an altered version of the old profession of faith in first principles.

THE MISERIES OF TAILORS.

IT seems that *Alton Locke* has been written to very little purpose. KINGSLEY's intention was to denounce things right and left, "and also round about him," but especially to expose the wretched condition of journeymen tailors. Probably some readers of fiction still find time to look into *Alton Locke*, and remember the account of the "sweating system," as it was not unjustly styled. The sweating system, briefly, was and is a result of that blessed thing,

Competition, admired by Mr. BRIGHT. The stress of competition made tailors underbid each other in offering cheap goods to a large and thrifty public. As they undersell each other, so, by parity of reason, they underpay and overwork the people they employ. They stint them, too, in such expensive matters as air, light, and water. Many people, in our happy-go-lucky way, have supposed that all this kind of slavery—much more physically dreadful and not much more morally evil than the old straightforward slavery of earlier societies—had somehow been reformed out of existence. Just in the same way, the same optimists who "have left" think that there is no longer such a thing as bullying at schools. Could the miracle of Mr. BULTITUDE be wrought on each of these hopeful persons they would discover the extent of their error.

No miracle is needed to prove that the "sweating business" is very much what it was forty years ago. One of HER MAJESTY's Inspectors of Factories had the unofficial happy thought of addressing a throng of working tailors in the East-end. He told them that their condition was worse than bestial; that the filth and squalor of their lives would disgust savages; and that to see them thrusting food into their mouths with one hand, while they still struggled to do some work with the other, was a spectacle discreditable to humanity. Their fourteen daily and nightly hours of labour he did not omit to mention, and urged them to take some combined action to try to get leave to live and work like men. Women are already protected, and the hours of their labour and certain sanitary conditions are legally limited and legally enforced. It is a mistake if any one supposes that the men are much more free agents and much more able to protect themselves than the women. The law of competition is too strong for broken-down constitutions, for bodies and wills enfeebled by an atmosphere just sensibly less terrible than that of the Black Hole at Calcutta. The victims of competition and the public cry for cheapness need sympathy and counsel at the very least, and we do not know who can have the heart to refuse these things. Labour is so terribly cheap that, if one man declines to live on the nearly impossible conditions of the cheap tailor, others will apply for the morsel of bread.

A Glasgow tailor confirms, in a letter to the *Northern Mail*, Mr. LAKEMAN's account of London sweating dens. He says he has known the thermometer in one of those places to reach an almost incredible height, and, when it was freezing out of doors, to fall to forty in the tailor's loft. The tailor works by the piece; the more "pieces" he turns out the better his pay. There is only work during eight months of the year. "I have worked in a room on the top flat of an old Glasgow tenement, about twelve feet by eight, in which three machines and girls, with ten women, were kept hammer and tongs at work for fourteen hours a day." Surely this was a case in which the Inspector might have interfered. "They ate as they wrought, and all this under the eyes of a Glasgow Town Councillor." Glasgow returns seven Liberal members. Do any of the dauntless Seven intend to pay attention to this question? It is not a political question; probably the workers, certainly the women, have no more votes than the machines. In another room, ten feet by five, seven men and women worked more than sixteen hours a day—a tyranny so gross as to be well nigh incredible in a city so justly proud of its devotion to Liberal principles. At the same time, somehow, forty rats were killed in an hour by "a larkly snip." Now the ratting, than which younger RAWDON CRAWLEY could imagine no sport more noble, is not exactly consistent with very laborious application to trouser-making. The Glasgow tailor says that society is "powerless to redress the poor tailor's grievance." One or two of the Glasgow Liberal members might try to diminish the grievance; it is a more palpable grievance than most, and in no way "sentimental."

THE CHARTERHOUSE.

THE fussy authors of a scheme for destroying the Charterhouse have begun operations by falling into a serious error. They may be very wise and clever men, but, if so, why did they select the Archbishop of York as their apologist? Have they never heard of the old churches of that prelate's metropolitan city, and of how he advocated their destruction? Have they never read the celebrated letters he wrote on that occasion? and do they not remember

that his Grace's advocacy brought the plan into disfavour with the public, and even induced some disrespectful people to say things about the ARCHBISHOP which ought never to be said about an Archbishop! Yet these occurrences took place only a few months ago; and now we have the ARCHBISHOP put forward again to excuse the introduction of a private Bill to enable the Governors to "pull down and remove all or any of the buildings at present existing on the site." Such are the very words of the Bill, as published in the *Times* of Tuesday week. It goes on to provide "for the formation of streets, roads," or an open space, and for the grant of building leases and the laying out of ornamental gardens. Immediately following the text of the Bill is the ARCHBISHOP's commentary on the same. It professes to show that the Governors of the Charterhouse do not mean anything by their little Bill. The buildings "are not to be destroyed or sold, but carefully preserved." The monument, as the *Times* called it, "of the great noble of the Tudor period" will not, says the ARCHBISHOP, "be diminished by a single stone." Why then apply to Parliament for leave to destroy and sell and "minish"? This the ARCHBISHOP does not explain; and it is impossible that any one who has first read the Bill, and has then gone on and read the letter of the Archbishop of York, can avoid a suspicion that his Grace did not intend that the two should be printed in the same column or even in the same paper. In fact, it would be absurd to believe that, if the ARCHBISHOP had known that the *Times* was about to publish the Bill whole, he would ever have written his letter. The conclusion is obvious that the ARCHBISHOP has been deceived by the authors of the scheme. Not even the advocacy of an Archbishop can excuse that scheme, and we can only offer our respectful condolences to his Grace and remark that he is singularly unfortunate in being so often selected for tasks which Mr. GLADSTONE himself could not fulfil, with all his power of proving that two and two make half a dozen, and that black is grey of so delicate a tone as not to be distinguishable from white. The ARCHBISHOP is the author of a work entitled *Outlines of the Laws of Thought*, but we have searched in vain for any outline which will include within its vast boundaries the intentions of the promoters of the Bill as described by themselves, and the promises and undertakings put forward on their behalf in the letter of the ARCHBISHOP. If no destruction of the buildings and gardens of the Charterhouse is intended, why obtain an Act of Parliament to allow the Governors to destroy, lease, alienate, pull down, and "minish" the whole hospital and estate? The ARCHBISHOP is quite shocked that any one should accuse the Governors of intending to apply the funds derived "from the proposed changes" to the improvement of the school at Godalming. "Parliament," we are told, "has already settled that the revenues of the estates go to the school and to the hospital in equal shares." There is a hitch in the argument here. The laws of thought do not help us to connect the two items—namely, in the first sentence the profits of the proposed changes, and the second the revenues of the estates. Are the profits mentioned of the nature of capital or of revenue? Are they principal or interest? The ARCHBISHOP's language leaves us in doubt; and the third and concluding sentence of the paragraph only makes that darker which was much more than dark enough before. "The part now to be dealt with relates to the hospital only." That is—so far as the words go, and treating "profit" and "revenue" as meaning the same thing—Parliament has decreed that the income of the Governors is to be divided equally between the hospital and the school; therefore—it is the ARCHBISHOP's "therefore," not ours—therefore, in the present case, the hospital is to get it all.

But this is only a small matter, and we have no wish to waste time chopping logic with the Archbishop of YORK. No arguments, however clear, will answer satisfactorily the very pertinent objection made in the *Times*—if the Governors do not want the powers and do not mean to use them, it would be better not to apply for them. Probably the House of Commons will take the same view. The Charterhouse is a place consecrated by many associations. Sir WALTER MANN and Sir THOMAS MORE, the Duke of NORFOLK and THOMAS SUTTON—names by the score occur to us as connected with what FULLER called the "masterpiece of English Protestant charity." But probably the name which will come most readily into every mind is that of a hero of fiction. THACKERAY was, like ADDISON, STEELE, WESLEY, BLACKSTONE, LEECH, THIRLWALL, GROTE, and HAVELOCK, educated in the Charterhouse, and though he has called it the Grey Friars,

and has put Cistercians into it, his description of the Charterhouse in the *Newcomes*, and, above all, his account of Colonel NEWCOME as a Poor Brother, are among the realities of literature.

LOCAL GOVERNMENT.

ALTHOUGH both parties seem to agree that the same principles of local government must be applied to Great Britain and to Ireland, it may be taken for granted that the Government will effect its object by separate Bills. In the possible event of a defeat of the Government in its attempt to legislate for England and Scotland, the difficult task of reconciling an ideal theory of local administration with the condition of Ireland will devolve on the present leaders of Opposition. Until the introduction of the English Bill, or perhaps until the delivery of the Speech from the Throne, it will be impossible to judge whether the Ministerial measure is likely to satisfy the House of Commons. The mode of election of the local Councils may perhaps give rise to difference of opinion, and it is almost certain that there will be a contest on the extent of powers which are to be entrusted to rural municipalities. If the interests of political parties were not likely to affect the character of the measure, the simplest and wisest course would be to copy as closely as possible the model of the urban Corporations. Their action has been, on the whole, largely beneficial; and it is not known that they have experienced inconvenience from limitation of their powers. The control of Parliament and of the Courts of Law has prevented usurpation of authority as well as irregular expenditure. The new rural municipalities may well be content with the privileges which have proved sufficient for Liverpool and for Manchester. If any amendment is moved by the section of the Liberal party which desires to confer on local bodies compulsory powers, its fate may perhaps depend on the votes of the Irish Nationalists. They will naturally infer from the vague promises which have been made that every extension of the functions of English local Councils will operate as a precedent for Irish legislation.

The supposed consistency of applying identical rules to dissimilar circumstances will probably induce the House of Commons to approve, in the case of Ireland, of the same organization which may have been thought suitable to the wants of England and Scotland. It is nevertheless satisfactory to be able to infer from more than one of Lord SALISBURY's speeches that securities will be provided against evils which, in default of precaution, are certain to arise. The administration of local business by Grand Juries and Presentment Sessions is at present confessedly upright and reasonably efficient. Those Poor-law Unions which are still controlled by majorities of *ex-officio* members discharge their duties in accordance with justice and with the rules prescribed by law. Elected Guardians, on the other hand, deliberately abuse both their powers of taxation and their discretion in the administration of relief. Discharged prisoners and other perpetrators of outrages receive extravagant allowances out of the Poor-rates, not merely as rewards for agrarian crime, but with the purpose of completing the ruin of the landlords. As the rates on small holdings are paid by the owner, the elected representatives of the occupiers regard him as a desirable object of plunder. Throughout the South and West of Ireland the great bulk of the population, headed by the priests, has long been engaged in an active conspiracy against freedom, against property, and too often against life. Subscriptions to the funds of the National League are compulsorily extorted; but it is only through elected Boards of Guardians that legal powers can be exercised for the purpose and with the result of violating the law. There can be no doubt that the abuse will be grossly aggravated when the branches of the League are erected by legislation into Councils with a right of levying local taxation.

The tyranny which finds one of its instruments in the elected administrators of the Poor Law is as minute and searching as it is relentless. Hundreds of instances of oppression are every day reported in the papers, side by side with declarations of members of Parliament, and of candidates for office that, although most of them are not yet broken in to Home Rule, they are all ready and anxious to confer the largest powers on local Councils to be instituted for the purpose. A woman of eighty was deprived of her pittance of outdoor relief because she had picked some potatoes for a boycotted farmer. Another

woman of equal age suffered a similar punishment because her son had committed some petty offence against the agrarian code. It is possible that the local Councils may not have the opportunity of acting so directly on the fears and wants of their victims; but there can be no doubt that they will administer the public funds for corrupt and lawless purposes. It must be admitted that a factitious uniformity of legislation has to be purchased at a heavy cost. The sufferers will not be the members of any Parliamentary majority, but all classes of the Irish population. The landlords will be more completely ruined, the tradesmen and respectable farmers will be coerced into unwilling obedience, and the poorest of the poor may be forbidden to earn a livelihood, except on conditions established and enforced by the village despots. The powers which are conferred on Boards of Guardians by the Labourers' Act have, of course, been abused, like the administration of relief, for purposes of oppression. The coping-stone will be placed on the fabric of injustice when, in accordance with the strange proposal of Mr. CHILDERS, the control of the police is vested in those who perpetrate or organize the worst agrarian crimes. It would be better to disband the force altogether than to place it at the disposal of elected Councils.

Lord SALISBURY and the Council to which the Cabinet has entrusted the preparation of the Local Government Bill will undoubtedly endeavour, as far as possible, to counteract the dangerous tendencies of enabling legislation. The Ministers will be accused, perhaps on plausible grounds, of taking away with one hand what they have given with the other. In any circumstances Lord SALISBURY might be expected to defy clamour in the cause of justice; and it is no longer certain that the sophisms and fallacies of Liberalism will impose on a majority of the House of Commons. For the first time Home Rule, both in its more monstrous form of virtual independence and in its various instalments and disguises, has been carefully discussed. One result of inquiry is the growing conviction that local Councils may become oppressive to the subject and formidable to the Government, though they may not tend so directly to separation as a Parliament in Dublin. The Duke of ARGYLL's warning against careless local legislation was highly seasonable at a time when a refusal to destroy the Empire is often couched in apologetic phrases and accompanied by lavish offers of alternative concessions. The Nationalists are perhaps not well advised in using the present occasion to proclaim the disaffection of some of the existing Corporations. Fifty years ago the Irish Municipal Bill was opposed in Parliament on the ground that elected bodies were likely to use their powers for disloyal purposes. When the Bill had been finally carried, its supporters boasted that the forebodings of their adversaries had not been justified by the result. Like some other prophecies of that time, unfavourable anticipations of the demeanour of the Corporations were only realized after a long interval of time. The Corporation of Limerick has of late successfully defied the Government to exact payment of a legal debt. The Lord Mayor of DUBLIN, whose predecessors only a few years ago exchanged hospitalities with the Lord-Lieutenant, made his accession to office an opportunity for a menacing display of physical force. There is no reason to expect better feeling from the representatives of rural districts.

The instructive dissertations on Home Rule, of which Sir JAMES STEPHEN's is one of the most valuable, are in great measure the unforeseen product of Mr. GLADSTONE's mysterious revelation. It is true that the magicians, and astrologers, and sorcerers who in public journals discuss the visions of statesmen have hitherto failed to define either the dream or its interpretation. As no DANIEL has yet appeared, it can only be said with confidence that Mr. GLADSTONE has either been converted to Home Rule or has wished to be accounted an actual or possible proselyte. If the report had been unfounded, even Mr. GLADSTONE could have stated in intelligible language that the suspicions which were entertained by the whole community and shared by some of his principal colleagues were unfounded. It matters little whether in his dream he saw a local Parliament with limited functions or an Assembly which would be really as well as nominally independent. As soon as it was known that the late Prime Minister thought that an alliance with the Nationalists might restore him to office, both Irishmen and Englishmen began more seriously than before to calculate the cost of a Liberal restoration. The Irish Parliament which ought, according to Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE, to be established has excited so little sympathy that the leader of the Opposition may perhaps fall back on the more plausible

demand for elective local government. It is, therefore, necessary to prepare for a serious struggle between the Government and the numerous supporters of schemes for rendering Irish loyalty impossible.

RANSOM IN THE STRAND.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S doctrines are being taken somewhat too literally by certain persons who frequent the main thoroughfares of London. These gentlemen prefer the streets when they are not inconveniently crowded, and, therefore, generally walk by night. They do not, however, walk in beauty, like the night itself. Their object is less to court than to shirk observation, and the apparatus which they carry is rather useful than ornamental. Their theory is that property does not pay enough for the comparative security which it enjoys, and they endeavour to cure this defect by what may be called supplementary levies. To do them justice, of which in every sense they are much in need, they do not needlessly obtrude themselves upon the notice of their victims. It is the object of all taxation, as ADAM SMITH long ago pointed out, to extract as much revenue as possible at the smallest attainable cost to the individual. The much-abused artists who have lately been operating in the Strand and in Oxford Street do their work with some neatness, and carefully avoid anything like a disagreeable scene. They do not publicly threaten those who are better off than themselves, nor do they inconsiderately tamper with faith in the law by denouncing the rich as thieves. Indeed, they never use the word thief, for reasons which it would not perhaps be difficult to conjecture. Given the hypothesis that shopkeepers and others ought to pay a considerable sum by way of ransom from time to time, and, adding the belief that the most practical way of working the supposition is by occasional raids, the complaint of Messrs. DRING & FAGE really seems a little unreasonable. It is no doubt disagreeable to come into your premises on Monday morning and find "a large pane of half-inch plate-glass smashed in, a quantity of valuable opera and field glasses stolen, the state of the stock left pointing to the fact that the whole operation was performed in the most leisurely manner." Such, we say, must be a trying state of things, and calculated to increase the duties of the Recording Angel. But, "after all," as the popular phrase goes, people ought to have some public spirit. They should be prepared to suffer for the community. How tedious and toilsome would be the task of going from shop to shop, collecting an opera-glass here, a hat there, a cake in another place, a pencil-case next door! The expenses of collection are greatly diminished by taking a good lot of swag—we mean ransom—at a time. Messrs. DRING & FAGE cannot seriously suppose that there is any personal feeling against them. The philosophers who relieved them of their loose goods would just as soon have procured them anywhere else—even, though that were ungrateful, from the house of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN himself. But, being practical men as well as advanced thinkers, they helped themselves as the Scotchmen swore, at large. "The glass must have been very violently broken by some heavy instrument—probably a large crowbar—as fragments of glass are scattered about in all directions." This sounds clumsy, and is perhaps the one touch of coarseness in the transaction. But, then, it must be remembered that the doctrine is new.

Messrs. DRING & FAGE indignantly inquire whether they are to receive any protection, as, if not, they will protect themselves. Here, indeed, they hit upon a weak point in the theory from which they are suffering. For the ransom is supposed to ensure protection, and it seems hard to be ransomed without being protected. It would be only fair that the ransomers should give a "guarantee" against the recurrence of similar depredations on the same premises for a fixed period of time. Moreover, the form of ransom known as rates and taxes is already paid by Messrs. DRING & FAGE. Yet the police, who are supported out of these disagreeable frequent remittances, scarcely come up to the requirements of the situation. They stand unmoved amid the shock of crashing glass, which testifies to their calm and steady courage. But they do not interfere between the crowbar and the window, nor do they interfere with the leisurely appropriation of portable articles which succeeds to the sturdy crowbar's brief employ. A policeman was stationed "within twenty yards" of the establishment of Messrs. DRING & FAGE. To assume that

he saw and heard nothing would prove him deaf and blind. He must have been thinking of something else. A firm in Oxford Street has been treated with a really shocking want of courtesy. Their windows have been broken three times within eight months, and "upon two occasions a considerable amount of property has been taken." This is really too bad. If the ransomers proceed in such a reckless manner, they will not promote the popularity of their views. There is a deliberate unfairness about ransoming the same firm twice in little more than half a year, which suggests that private animosity has been allowed to intrude into the sphere of public duty. If ransom is conducted in this fashion, it will have a tendency to degenerate into flat burglary.

STRIKES IN WALES.

THE strike of some hundreds of workmen employed in the quarries and lime-works at Llanddulas differs from the strikes which are, unhappily, always more or less with us in the amount of attention bestowed upon it by the military forces of the Crown, owing, in the first instance, to the romantic tales of riot and threatened massacre with which it was ushered into existence. As far as can be gathered from the most trustworthy sources of information, what actually happened was this. The men having struck, a small number of what would be called in Ireland emergency men were "imported," as the reporter nobly phrases it, from Birkenhead, and were duly conveyed to the scene of their labours. The quarries were thereupon invaded by the wives of the men on strike, who pathetically expostulated with the new comers, and pointed out to them the injurious effects (to the ladies' husbands) of their proceedings. The visitors were so much affected that they voluntarily left their work and took themselves off to the place whence they came, with one solitary exception. Him the "daughters of the pick-axe," as the Laureate would probably have called them, laid hold of by the ears, and gently but firmly conducted off the premises. This was the appalling convulsion which led to the summoning of the troops from Chester. It is said that when the first detachment of soldiers arrived they were little pleased on finding no one who could suggest anything for them to do, and no possibility of billets nearer than Abergele, four miles away from the scene of the revolt which they had been called upon to quell, and that their first proceeding on ascertaining these facts was to charter a special train and go back to Chester. Such were the facts upon which the recent alarming intelligence of civil conflict and impending bloodshed was founded.

Since that time, however, the affair has assumed a graver aspect. Last week forty workmen from Lancashire, ominously styled "Irish" by the Welsh workmen, arrived at Llanddulas escorted by a hundred men of the 2nd Staffordshire regiment and thirty-three of the Carnarvonshire Constabulary. The men on strike have hitherto behaved with exemplary forbearance—which, perhaps, in the circumstances, is natural enough—and have confined their attentions to the visitors to occasional gentle mockery at the want of skill they betray, and at the discomfort inflicted on unaccustomed eyes by the peculiar pungency of the dust which pervades the Llanddulas lime-kilns. At their meetings the leaders earnestly "deprecate any hostile demonstration." Yet it appears to be thought by the authorities that, but for the presence of the Staffordshire warriors and their coadjutors of the civil arm, the interlopers would infallibly fall victims to the fury of the populace. The soldiers, or some of them, would seem to have overcome their objections to Abergele as a base of operations, and gaily trudge thence in the morning and thither at night, or *vice versa*, as circumstances may require. It would certainly seem that a hundred brave men of South Staffordshire ought to be equal to the task of not allowing the wives of the men on strike to be too ingenious in reasoning or too heart-rending in expostulation. And though of course the catastrophe of a free Englishman being led anywhere by his ears is one which it is right to prevent at almost any imaginable cost in money or in men, it is impossible to avoid the suspicion that either an unnecessarily apprehensive view of the actual position of affairs is taken by those on the spot, or that the imaginative reporter has been at it again.

However these things may be, it is clear that the strike still continues, and gives no particular sign of an approaching end, and that this should be so, especially in

the depth of winter, every one must sincerely regret. The only remaining matter of dispute between the men and their employers is said to be that the masters require the men to bind themselves not to ask for any further increase of wages for a period of twelve months. This seems to us to be a hard stipulation. Any trade may undergo considerable fluctuations in so long a time as twelve months, and, in the contingency of the masters being well able before the end of that time to afford to pay higher wages than at present, there seems no reason why the men should not be free to demand a share in the additional prosperity, if they can do so with a good hope of success. A fixed rate of wages has, no doubt, merits of its own, and the masters may fairly allege that it may turn out to the advantage of the men; but since the practice is the other way, and since the elasticity (in both directions unhappily) of trade profit is universally acknowledged, it is not easy to justify insistence upon an innovation of this description. It is always desirable to terminate strikes, which cannot but be a great expense to both parties, and at the present moment in North Wales it is even more desirable than usual. There is another serious and prolonged strike in process at Llanberis, although we do not hear of any military succour being needed there. We are yet only in the middle of winter, and if we may put any faith in the vague consensus of vaticinatory opinion which exists about weather, it is likely to be a singularly unpleasant winter for men out of work. Of course, if the presence of the hundred soldiers is really necessary at Llanddulas, it will not become less so as the cold continues and the hunger increases. On all grounds it is to be hoped that the employers will see their way to making some offer of a less exigent kind than that to which at present they are said to have confined themselves.

FRANCE.

M. BRISSON'S resolution to adhere to his resignation can have surprised nobody. The only remarkable thing is that he should have retained office as long as he did. To be Prime Minister with colleagues who are nearly independent, and in a Chamber which cannot produce a stable majority, cannot be an attractive task. As that had been, and was certain to continue to be, M. Brisson's situation, his determination to resign is perfectly intelligible. It is not necessary to seek for an explanation of his action in the obscure intrigues of which he is supposed in some quarters to have been the victim. M. Brisson has done his best to set political gossip-mongers guessing and hunting after mysterious reasons for the self-evident. When a Frenchman deliberately refuses to take part in the ordinary courtesies of the *Jour de l'an*, he is supposed to have been upset very grievously, and, as M. Brisson has taken this violent step, the more sagacious sort of persons have of course discovered that he has acted out of resentment for his treatment by the friends of President GRÉVY. If either the PRESIDENT or M. WILSON, who is credited with so much influence, have been exerting themselves to drive the late Premier from office, they have been taking a great deal of gratuitous trouble. That intrigues are carried on in the French or any other political world is a proposition which nobody need feel called upon to deny; but M. Brisson's failure, if that is what it ought to be called, can be satisfactorily explained without the help of underhand manoeuvres on the part of the PRESIDENT or his son-in-law. The late Premier undertook to head a stop-gap Ministry, and his Ministry was a stop-gap. It is highly probable that he was not personally popular with the family of the PRESIDENT. No man can be expected to like another who is a candidate for his post; and the relations of the tenant for the time being feel even less liking, if possible, for the pushing person who is trying to deprive them of their principal claim to consideration. M. Brisson openly avowed his desire to stand in M. GRÉVY'S shoes, and he has not yet resigned the hope of putting them on. It is one, and not the least, of the slightly comic aspects of French politics that every politician of note is trying for the Presidency of the Republic, and trying for it by way of the Presidency of the Chamber, which is regarded as the indispensable stepping-stone, for no very obvious reason except that M. GRÉVY himself held the one post before the other. M. Brisson gave up the Chair very unwillingly, and is supposed to be trying to regain it with the object of requalifying himself as a candidate for the Presidency. But M. FLOQUET is in

possession with the identical same object. M. FREYCINET, if one quarter of the tales told be true, was anxious not to become Premier again lest he too should ruin his chance of holding the two presidencies in due order. All three are equally unwilling to try and govern. The spectacle is one which must cause some searchings of soul among the believers in universal suffrage. That patent and infallible method for enabling a people to express its opinion seems, in the only European country which has tried it under proper conditions, to have resulted in the formation of parties of nearly equal force, and in giving politicians a nervous fear of the risks which accompany the possession of power.

Speculations as to the probable fate of M. FREYCINET's not over-strong Ministry must necessarily bear a strong family likeness to the guesses made at the future of M. BRISSON's, and at the course of the Chamber itself. The conditions are in no way changed by the transfer of the premiership from one to the other. M. FREYCINET, like the late Premier, will have to govern without a majority, and will have either to face an overpowering coalition, or himself join with the party which has ruined every Republic in France. M. CLÉMENTEAU and the Radicals have, it is true, promised a limited support to the new Ministry, but, as might be expected, it is on terms which will leave them masters of its policy. If M. FREYCINET's chosen colleagues are not displeasing to the Extreme Left, and he is prepared to bring in measures of a truly Republican, which means Radical, character, then he will be tolerated, and even helped; but if not, then not. If he is content to be a Radical agent, in other words, he may keep his place; but if he has the audacity to have ideas of his own, the Extreme Republicans will join with the Conservatives who desire the destruction of the Republic to upset him. The position of the Radicals is strong; for, while the Conservatives will join with them to destroy the Ministry, no coalition is possible between the Government of the Republic and its avowed enemies. Even if M. FREYCINET were disposed to form such an alliance, the Conservatives would decline to make a bargain by which they have nothing to gain. An Opportunist and Radical coalition is no doubt possible, since both are Republicans, though in a different sense; but the new PREMIER will probably remember the wisdom of Prince BISMARCK. When the PRINCE was a less famous man than he is now, he warned some of his fellow-countrymen who wished to form an alliance with the advanced German party of the day that the support of the Radicals was like the bewitched bullets of *Der Freischütz*, which ended by turning against the shooter. The assistance of M. CLÉMENTEAU would assuredly be fatal sooner or later to any French statesman who accepted it. The late elections prove decisively enough that the fear of Radicalism is strong in France. If the Opportunists prove unable to resist it the number of Conservative electors might easily be increased from a third to more than a half. No one has yet shown how an escape is to be found from this deadlock. The most obvious resource, a new General Election, is looked upon with undisguised fear by Republicans of all shades. There seems to be little doubt that the result of a new appeal to the constituencies would be to increase the number of the Conservatives. During the three months which have passed since the present Chamber was formed every influence which worked in their favour has been strengthened. The depression of trade and agriculture has been as severe as ever. There is no prospect of a reduction in the expenses of government. Another knot has been made in the rope which ties the Tonquin millstone round the Republic's neck. New taxes must be imposed before long, and they are almost sure to include an Income tax, which is particularly hateful to Frenchmen. The Church has been again insulted and aggrieved. With all these causes of irritation at work, and sharpened by another proof of the inability of the Republicans to form a stable Administration, a fresh appeal to the electors would not improbably produce disastrous results—for the parties which support the present form of government in the first place, and then for France, as the Conservatives are themselves hopelessly divided in everything except hatred of the Republic. We reflect again on the beauties of universal suffrage. It must produce good government, particularly when it has a second Chamber formed by a process of double election. "Der Philosoph der tritt herein, und beweist euch, es muss so sein," Mr. J. S. MILL has proved it by A and B. Persons of enlightened minds and nobly free from prejudice agree with him, but somehow, in spite of its irrefragable logic,

the thing won't work. Division and its natural consequence, weakness abroad, extravagance, dishonest shirking of mere money difficulties, small intrigues, a dead level of plausible little men, and chronic instability, are what it has brought on France.

The treaty with the agents of the Hova Government which M. FREYCINET read out in the Chamber with such suspicious opportuneness does seem to have been really made. What the confirmation it is still to receive amounts to is not even yet clear. It has to be confirmed; but whether both at Antananarivo and at Paris or only at Paris is doubtful. The merits of the treaty have been sufficiently discussed. Not the least of them is that it gives the French Government the appearance of having gained a diplomatic success when something of the sort was wanted for other purposes than for securing a majority in the Tonquin debate. The Hova Government would do wisely to accept the treaty, even if it has not done so already. It can hardly do better than give the French a plausible excuse for withdrawing from all effective interference in the island. There can be little doubt that the pretext, if it could be found, would be eagerly taken. The French are, as regards their colonial enterprises, in a state of mind which with them commonly follows each outburst of energy. It is excellently typified by the emotions of that model Southern Frenchman TARTARIN DE TARASCON when he had at last discovered what was meant by the phrase that Mont Blanc was smoking his pipe. An ardent desire to go back and get out of the mess has seized upon them, as it has done half a dozen times before; and, if they only get the least encouragement, they will do it. The Hovas will be the reverse of wise if they compel them to go on by refusing to surrender what has been already lost and to accept conditions which will be a matter of form.

SNOW IN LONDON.

THE storm of snow that burst on London last Wednesday morning brought in its train all the familiar consequences. There were the choked, deserted streets, the paralysed Vestries, the broken telegraph wires, and the incalculable suffering of a patient community. The storm certainly was one of the most sudden and violent of its kind, though there was nothing in its duration or force to congeal the heart of any one save a vestryman. Yet for the greater part of the day the streets were left to the full play of the enemy, though the soft and melting snow was much more amenable to cleansing operations than that which fell five years back. Excepting in the City, however—which may be regarded as the citadel—the furious storm met with little resistance, and a disgraceful capitulation was agreed to in most districts. Vestries, of course, would plead the extraordinary surprise of the attack—that is, if such august functionaries ever deign to apologize. That they were surprised only adds to the enormity of their position, for they had enjoyed five years of preparation for the event. But what are five years to London vestrymen lying beside their nectar in their halls like gods together careless of mankind? Five or six inches of snow are sufficient to affright them, and quite as many hours they let slip by before they solemnly resolve to do something. Then, as the shades of evening threaten their little Lapland, and the worst is done, they valorously put in the field some dozen veterans, who with mad labour delve the fast-freezing snow. Thoughtless people may urge that this were better done when the snow was still pliable, at the critical hour when to wield a shovel or to make a bank was "a great plot of state." That, however, is to ignore the strategy involved in a cautious and pottering policy. By refusing to move until the majority of hapless householders have borne the brunt of the conflict, two points are gained by the authorities. Foot-passengers are partly appeased by a clean footway, while the snow transferred from the path to the road becomes portion of the subsequent accumulated results of official scraping. Thus are the shabby labours of the Vestry unduly magnified. It may well be asked why ratepayers should be forced to clear the pavement of a fall of snow? There appears to be no obligation to cleanse the footway when it is abominably slippery with mud. Why should the pavement become the special care of householders when encumbered with snow, and at other seasons remain a veritable no-man's-land? The inconsistency of the law—if law it be—is as gross and palpable as the neglect of Vestries. The result is, that in places no

one can alight from a vehicle without plunging into several feet of frozen snow, which cannot for many days be wholly removed unless a friendly thaw intervene or Vestries cease to be Vestries. The condition of some of the main thoroughfares, such as Piccadilly, is a public scandal, and is the more deplorable when contrasted with the good results of organized, prompt action in the Parks.

The innumerable discomforts that attend a London snow-storm are, unfortunately, of too rare occurrence to arouse spirited action. They cause much grumbling, but they lead to no practical remedy. If only every winter had its snow, and plenty of it, there were hope for the long-suffering Londoner. Then, perhaps, the myriad telegraph wires that threaten the devoted neck of the passenger might be carried underground. Engineers of repute declare this reform to be not only possible, but absolutely needful. It is certain that aerial wires are extremely dangerous, and that on Wednesday they snapped in all directions. Of course nothing will be done, as not even an omnibus-horse was injured by the wires that, in some instances, hung across the streets. When some one in the Post Office is strangled or beheaded, the Post Office authorities will perhaps consider the matter. As for the Vestries, we must be thankful that the snow was not heavier. What did London endure in the brave old days when snow fell continuously for many days, as in the January of 1776? GILBERT WHITE's graphic description of that terrible winter chills the reader to the marrow. Uncomfortable as our streets are, it is impossible not to shudder at the awkward position of "the company at Bath" who wished to attend the QUEEN's birthday in London. Beyond Marlborough none of the beaux and fine ladies advanced. There "they met with a *ne plus ultra*," as WHITE quaintly puts it, and vainly offered large rewards to labourers who would carve out a road to London. The plight of this gallant company in the Marlboroughs inns was even more wretched, it would seem, than that of ratepayers under the tyranny of Vestries.

ENGLAND AND THE EAST.

THE grave misfortune which would come upon England if the conduct of her foreign affairs were altered at this juncture is so obvious to all reasonable minds that we can conceive an intelligent Radical (for it cannot be too often repeated that there are intelligent Radicals) sighing over the impossibility of putting the Prime Ministership in commission, and entrusting the commissionerships as of old to members of different parties. There are three points—taking Burmah as not strictly a district where foreign policy is concerned at all—at which the habitual methods of Mr. GLADSTONE could only lead to disaster. The first is the Afghan frontier. Not much is supposed to be going on there now, the Delimitation Commissions having gone into winter quarters, as is very necessary in a country where even the tigers put on thicker fur coats. There is no reason to doubt or to be disturbed at the accounts of fraternization between them. Englishmen and Russians are not like two famous Continental nations, who cannot be enemies without regarding each other as fiends. There is, indeed, except the Eastern question, no reason why England and Russia should not be friends; and it is only the temptation afforded at intervals by the fatal defects of Liberal foreign policy which has prevented a friendship being established between them even on that point. But it is positively certain that, with the possibility of Mr. GLADSTONE before them, the Russians would be more than human if they abandoned the attitude of "grab," and took once for all to honest dealings. On a large estimate of the political crimes of that remarkable person, the demoralization of the innocent Russian by his policy since 1871 would perhaps have to be taken into account. That demoralization has certainly proceeded so far now that nothing but time can remedy it, though time (and Lord SALISBURY) might perhaps do so. It is not many days since a curious phrase used by one of the foreign Correspondents of a Liberal newspaper—a phrase which seems to have passed unnoticed—illustrated the Russian attitude. The Correspondent mentioned that a Russian had given him this or that piece of information, not political or military in itself, about "their railway to Herat." Of course there is no such thing officially known as a Russian railway to Herat. It is a Russian railway to Merv—a thing which, as the Duke of ARGYLL used to teach men in days when he had unluckily not discovered the fallibility of Mr. GLADSTONE, does not matter at all. But there is no

doubt that it is regarded in Russia as a railway to Herat, and that, strategically speaking, it is such. Lord GRANVILLE and Mr. GLADSTONE have not exactly the record which qualifies them as vigilant watchers of a Russian railway to Herat.

The second and more immediately important point is of course the Balkan Peninsula. There is for the moment peace in the Balkans; but it is doubtful whether the most sanguine of optimists regards it as anything more than a very hollow truce even as regards the late immediate combatants. The duel between Serbia and Bulgaria, still more the duel between the Powers of which Serbia and Bulgaria were in one case wholly, in the other partly, tools is not likely to be more than postponed. And after the precedent of 1875, and indeed of all former convulsions of the Turkish Empire, it is openly hinted that trouble is going to begin elsewhere. The sons of the Greeks are not willing either to accept frankly the sense of a lost opportunity or to endeavour boldly to make a stroke for a fresh slice of territory. There are to be troubles in Macedonia, and the most heedless person must have some notion of what troubles in Macedonia will mean. The conduct of the Turks during the late disturbances has been exemplary. But the attitude imposed upon or assumed by them has brought already vast expense on a Treasury by no means able to endure that expense, and the continuance of a state of preparedness for war which is always coming and never comes would mean ruin. Moreover, as has been frequently pointed out, troubles in Macedonia would imply something very different from troubles in Eastern Roumelia, still more from troubles north of the Balkans. The SULTAN could see with the most perfect equanimity Servians and Bulgarians cutting each other's throat, and if he had spoken his mind, he would no doubt have genially telegraphed "*Ne vous gênez pas*" both to King MILAN and to Prince ALEXANDER. The Eastern Roumelian rebellion itself was more of an insult than an injury. But troubles in Macedonia would affect a region still nominally under the complete control of the Porte. Moreover, the jealousy which exists as to the districts already fought over is as nothing to that excited by what is called Macedonia. Even the ethnomanics themselves admit that here there are no small difficulties, while those who, free from ethnomania, consider the thing unbiassed, perceive that when the dominion of the Turk is once disturbed in this point, Greek, Servian, Bulgarian, and, if anybody pleases, Albanian, must be at each other's throats for the plunder, not to mention the impossibility of Austria acquiescing in the barring of her road to Salonica. Here, again, the possibilities are not exactly such as indicate even to an intelligent Radical the calling in of Lord GRANVILLE and Mr. GLADSTONE. It is not a case of infant nationality or cruel oppressor, but of half a dozen infant nationalities at daggers drawn. That situation craves wary walking, and the intelligent Radical confesses, sometimes with a little heat, that Lord GRANVILLE and Mr. GLADSTONE are not exactly wary walkers in the mazes of Continental diplomacy.

Lastly, and most important of all for the moment, there is Egypt. Here the need of a decided, and above all a consistent, policy is every day being more clearly shown. On the spot General STEPHENSON's capital little victory at Ginnis has at once shown the inadequacy of previous arrangements, and encouraged the incorrigibles at home to clamour for return to them. The scuttlers have laid down their programme—a battle of Ginnis, preceded by a harassing frontier war and a dangerous agitation in Egypt every year or every six months, according to the good pleasure of the MAHDI's successors. That is their final conclusion, and it is for Englishmen to say whether they like it. For that, and nothing else, must follow from the attempt to ignore the existence of the Soudan, and to make an artificial terminus at Akasheh, or at Korosko, or at Wady Halfa, or anywhere else on the northern side of Nubia. There is no doubt whatever that, if Mr. GLADSTONE returned to power, he would (if he did not abandon Egypt altogether, as he has pretty plainly threatened to do) comply with these desires. He would probably comply with them in the most disastrous way by retiring as far as possible, by perhaps exposing the garrison to a serious blow, by then sending out costly expeditions, and by stopping them at the very moment when there was some chance of their justifying themselves. That is Mr. GLADSTONE's thrice and four times proved idea of occupying Egypt, and the results of the idea have been proved as often as it has been applied. It is not necessary to go to a Tory to hear those results plainly stated; the intelligent Radical will once more

suffice, and that amply. If he approves Mr. GLADSTONE as a manager of Egyptian affairs at all, it will be only because he hopes for the complete abandonment of Egypt—a point on which, it is hardly necessary to say, the country has expressed itself sufficiently again and again. Excluding that possibility, the intelligent Radical (with, as usual, the proviso “off platform and not in ‘press’”) will confess that it is impossible to imagine worse managers than Mr. GLADSTONE and Lord GRANVILLE have shown themselves. Which things being so, it would seem that at every point where the interests of England abroad are most vitally concerned the return of Mr. GLADSTONE to power would be the greatest possible misfortune that could happen to the nation, even if that return were merely momentary, and if it resulted in a fresh inability on his part to manage Parliament or to secure the confidence of the nation.

NAVAL ABUSES, REAL AND IMAGINARY.

THE “Private, Royal Marines,” who has written to the *Times* with such withering sarcasm and such a number of approved quotations, may not improbably start a lively correspondence. He has chosen an excellent subject, where all the sense is on one side and the sentiment is on the other; while the remarkable writer who does the wit, humour, and philosophy for the *Times* (we use the definite article, for there can be but one master of such a style in a generation) has given him an introduction to the great letter-writing world. The “Private, Royal Marines,” is a member of an honourable force, to whom we could listen with greater pleasure if he did not adopt a tone which is familiar in the mouth of the class of persons commonly called sea-lawyers. He objects to serving with Chinamen, and especially to having to deal with them as petty officers. His pride of race is so high that he cannot even lie peaceably in a sick bay with one, though this is a degradation which happens frequently enough to sailors in the *Dreadnought* Hospital. He asks what is to become of the flag which for a thousand years &c. if Chinamen are to be allowed to clean paint, do boat duty, and stoke the engines of H.M.’s ships and vessels of war on the China station? To which we may reply that that will become of it which has become of it before. Our squadrons on the Gold Coast have employed Kroomen, and our squadrons in the East Lascars, for generations. To the complaint that Chinamen have been made petty officers, we should reply that black men have been frequently rated as petty officers. There is the well-known case of MESTY, ship’s corporal, told in the veracious history of Mr. Midshipman EASY. COLLINGWOOD, who was a competent judge of what was good for the navy, had negroes among his captains of guns on the *Royal Sovereign*, and he stopped to commend one in the middle of no less a transaction than the battle of Trafalgar. It is not on record that the marines of the *Royal Sovereign*, who were engaged in rougher work than looking after a harbour-ship at Hong-Kong, felt their gorge rise at fighting by the side of this inferior creature.

If a naval abuse is wanted, a much better one was shown to the public by the *Times* on Wednesday. It was given in the course of an article on “Torpedo Cruisers.” There is a sentence in one of the paragraphs which has a fine humour. We have, it seems, beaten the French in building torpedo cruisers; and, “thanks to our private dockyards, this ‘victory has been easily achieved.’ Very good; but it might be pointed out that, ‘thanks to our private yards,’ we had the battle to fight. No blame attaches to the shipbuilders or engine-makers. They naturally deal with the customer who presents himself. The grievance is, and it is a very solid one, that for years the yards, and the machine manufacturers who complete the work of the yards, were engaged exclusively in producing for foreign nations, simply of course because no orders were given by the Admiralty. If the matter were one which any Englishman in his senses could take lightly, the facts given by the correspondent of the *Times* would be highly absurd. He shows that for years past foreign States have been buying torpedo cruisers in our yards, and our builders and engineers have been inventing improvements for them, while the Admiralty look on, or rather did not look at all in that direction. Russia, Austria, Italy, Spain, even France, have been obtaining these vessels and their armament in England till at last they had got a formidable

force among them. Meanwhile the Admiralty had built “the small and slow torpedo-practice vessel *Vesuvius*.” It is a very pretty story. Things have been somewhat amended; but it is well to get this record of what was not done for years after the *Ziethen* was built for Germany at the Thames Ironworks in 1876. It is such a capital example of what to avoid in the future. The article is full of information of a more or less technical kind, from which, however, one thing can be learnt which is intelligible and interesting to the generality. It is obvious that the tendency is everywhere to build torpedo vessels larger until they are beginning to reach 1,500 tons displacement, a size not much behind the thirty-two and thirty-six-gun frigates of the old navy. In other words, experience has shown not one, but every country in Europe, that torpedo warfare cannot be conducted in cockle-shells. The swarm of minute craft which were to sweep the seas of large ships have been found to be useless if only because men can neither stand, lie, sit, sleep, eat, drink, or keep dry on board of them. After all, you must have a crew, and it must live, unless torpedo-boats are to be kept in port as curiosities. Those who declined to be persuaded that large ships were about to disappear from the seas will note the growing size of the vessels meant to use torpedoes with the reflection that in exact proportion as they become larger they become a better mark for a bullet. As guns can hit at six thousand yards, and a torpedo is next to useless at more than four hundred, it begins to look less than ever likely that the new-comer will have it all his own way in the future so completely as his friends were wont to boast.

GLADSTONIANA.

WITHOUT flattery, Mr. GLADSTONE really is an extraordinary veteran. This week he has been displaying an active versatility without a parallel, careering, like a gay Don QUIXOTE, through the dismal wastes of this La Mancha of our age. What adventures he has achieved in the *Nineteenth Century*! With one eye, like a skipper’s, “cocked up at the weather,” to watch the twopenny balloons floated by his ingenious offspring, Mr. GLADSTONE uses the other eye in an unequal fight with Professor HUXLEY, Professor MAX MÜLLER, and M. RÉVILLE. All their swords are out, they are all about him at once, but (one eye still on the Home Rule balloons) Mr. GLADSTONE faces all their points. By one sweeping parry (*en cercle*, like his reasoning) he puts aside these thirsty blades, and ripostes with alacrity. Solar Mythology, Prolegomena to the Study of Religion, the *Ornithodontes*, and the *Archaeopteryx*—it is all one to Mr. GLADSTONE. Like JOUKOHAINEN in the Finnish poem (probably he reads it in the original), Mr. GLADSTONE seems to think that he was present when space was unfolded, and “when the sun was launched on his path.” He knows all about cosmogony, theology, the early history of creation, the derivation of *diner*, and everything else. The experts, to use a vulgar expression, “are not in it” with this nimble sage, against whom they audaciously entered the lists of argument. Futile men! as if, whatever the nature of the causes at issue, Mr. GLADSTONE could not make the worse seem the better!

Politics and philosophy, physical, or mythological, or religious, do not absorb Mr. GLADSTONE. He has plenty of time to answer thousands of letters and acknowledge “all ‘sorts of pleasant things’ which are showered on him at his birthday by a pleased public. But Mr. GLADSTONE can give as well as receive. When he was passing Preston—stupid, wicked, Tory Preston—on his way north, a man fell from a truck. What he was doing in that truck we know not; probably he had climbed up to see “the old favourite ‘of the public, the veteran BLENKINSOP,” go by. In any case, the man fell off the truck, and, unfortunately, broke his leg. If Mr. GLADSTONE had been the Buddha, he would have set the believer’s leg by a word; but he can only work moral miracles. However, he wrote a letter expressing kind sympathy, and soon he, in his turn, sent a present. This rare donation consisted of two bits of wood, part of “a tree felled by the Right Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE,” and the ex-Premier hopes that they will make a nice pair of crutches for the gentleman who fell off the bad eminence of a truck. “The timber has been ‘received, and will be converted into crutches’; and why not toothpicks?”

In America, where real live professors take Mr.

GLADSTONE'S side in the skirmish with Professor HUXLEY (and where we are sure that Mr. WHITNEY thinks him much more in the right than Professor MAX MÜLLER), in America there should be a brisk demand for the Gladstone Toothpick, that cheap and peaceful substitute for the toothpick of Arkansas, the bowie-knife. A lot of newspapers have had the happy thought of inviting Mr. GLADSTONE over, to work a kind of boom. We believe an American editor would calmly ask Prince BISMARCK to write an illustrated article on the Eastern Question, or the Czar to contribute a few pages on explosives. The impudence of the race, however, has only reached the point of inviting the late Premier over, as if he were Mr. OSCAR WILDE, or any other popular lecturer. After seeing the States, so the editors thought, he would settle the Home Rule question much more readily—that question which the editors hold he alone is able to deal with. Well, we know how the States dealt with the attempt to split them up, and we humbly wish that Sir F. ROBERTS could settle the Home Rule question in General GRANT'S fashion. He is quite able "successfully to grapple" with the little affair. But Mr. GLADSTONE could not quite meet the desires of the American editors. As an obliging prelate once remarked in a familiar lyric—

There is a length to which, I trow,
Colonial Bishops cannot go.

And Mr. GLADSTONE cannot go the length of personally helping to boom the circulation of the New York press. But he does write a most affable and almost affectionate letter—in everything, indeed, but grammar all an editor could desire. "The invitation constitutes a new tie of 'feeling with America.' What a style! Meanwhile Mr. GLADSTONE knows that, in the States, 'friendly eyes' (of Mr. O'DONOVAN ROSSA, Mr. PATRICK EGAN, and other flawless patriots) 'are watching the course of events with 'reference to Ireland.' 'This will be a new incentive to 'the performance of patriotic and philanthropic duty.' We wish we could hope that Mr. GLADSTONE is right here, that his conduct will be 'patriotic'—for a change. 'I 'should not preach on the virtue and value of liberty to a 'man requiring handcuffs,' says Mr. GLADSTONE in his reply to Mr. MAX MÜLLER. Perhaps the Nationalists and the Arab assailants of Egypt are the people to whom Mr. GLADSTONE thinks it better to preach on the 'virtue and 'value of Liberty.'"

BURMAH.

NOW that Burmah has been invaded and annexed, we begin, in the natural course of things, to hear that the work has not been done with infallible wisdom. The letters of the expelled *Times* Correspondent are beginning to drop in, and they perhaps explain his summary dismissal by General PRENDERGAST. It is the opinion of the Correspondent that the commander of the expedition made several mistakes, and he probably expressed it as freely at Mandalay as he does in his letters. If so, his expulsion is intelligible, and perhaps justifiable. As General PRENDERGAST has not given his version of the story, it is early to decide; but it does not need to be pointed out that intelligible and justifiable are not synonymous. A general is thoroughly entitled to punish any man in his camp who supplies the enemy with information, directly or indirectly, or who incites to indiscipline, or who even sends home grossly unfair reports; but he consults his own dignity better by not being too sensitive to civilian criticism. Even if the Correspondent was right in saying that enough was not done at Mingyan, or that Mandalay was not occupied strongly enough on the first day, General PRENDERGAST need not lose his equanimity at being told so. Neither need he be severely judged. NAPOLEON, who, as war correspondents must acknowledge, knew his business, was of opinion that the general who never made mistakes in war could not have been at it long. For the rest General PRENDERGAST has not suppressed the Correspondent, nor can any measures he can venture to take hide what is disquieting, by his fault or by another's, in the position of affairs in Burmah.

It is only too probable that our difficulties are far from at an end. The telegrams published one above the other in the same day's papers show at once the strength and the weakness of our position. General PRENDERGAST himself has reached Bhamo and occupied it without the least difficulty. The inhabitants and the Chinese settlers are quiet. The authorities have submitted with apparent cheerfulness, and there is no Chinese garrison within

hundreds of miles. As far as it goes this is very satisfactory. It shows that the work of taking possession has been perfected as far as the end of the first stage. The expedition has proceeded unchecked along the main route, and has overcome all open opposition in the field. This, which is the first, is, however, also the easiest stage in the conquest of a barbarous country. It is the mere preliminary to the work of making the occupation effective and establishing order. News from several points makes it clear that we shall find greater difficulties than were generally expected in this portion of our undertaking. In spite of some sharp lessons, the Dacoits are apparently increasing in number and audacity. At Ava and at Montshobo bodies of these guerrilleros have been routed with loss and without much difficulty; but, after the manner of soldiers of this kind, they only separate to meet again. With a judgment which seems to prove that they are directed by somebody who understands the business, they are threatening a native officer who has submitted to English rule at Mahdia. Columns of troops have left Mandalay to relieve him, and they will in all probability have no difficulty in doing it. Meanwhile the soldiers sent to Mahdia have to be taken from Mandalay, and the garrison will be just able to hold its own in case of a riot in the town, fomented and helped, as it doubtless would be, by Dacoits from the neighbourhood. In such a case the columns sent to Mahdia must be recalled, and the Dacoits will take themselves off. A war of this kind, of which Spain affords the only examples in Europe within recent times, is a tedious, and in unhealthy countries a costly, affair. It can only be settled by the dreary process of "pegging at it" and by the employment of a strong force. When the army employed is not numerous enough to supply both columns in the field and garrisons, the struggle may drag on for years with an enemy whom it is always easy to beat in actual fighting, but very difficult to rout out of all his places of refuge. The force under General PRENDERGAST seems to be hardly strong enough for its work, and the Indian Government has no time to lose in sending reinforcements. The sickly season will begin before long, and then military operations will be either impossible or terribly costly. If the Dacoits are allowed months of almost total impunity to complete their organization in, and can find a leader of ability, the third Burmese war may drag on as the first and second did. A heavy responsibility will rest on the Indian Government if it allows the danger to gather head for want of a little timely vigour. As yet there is not enough evidence to show how far the reported gathering in the Paleik district is really dangerous. The Prince who has decided to fight for the throne, and who bears the encouraging name of ALOMPRA, ought to be defeated with ease if he is attacked in time; but, if he escapes immediate destruction, he may give the Dacoits just the leader they require. It would be enough that he should be a docile puppet in the hands of an active chief. Measures are being taken to dispose of him; and, if the force about Mandalay is strong enough to deal with all the parts of the scattered native resistance, order will probably be rapidly established. Until, however, this has been shown to be the case, the position in Burmah cannot be regarded without some anxiety.

MR. CHILDERS AND MR. MORLEY.

MR. CHILDERS has, in one point at any rate, succeeded during his Edinburgh canvass in giving proof of a return to the Whig fold. He has expressed opinions on the Land-laws which have caused Mr. ARTHUR ARNOLD to express a public regret that he has not opposed him—or, rather, to declare that, but for the fact of a Tory being in the field, he should regret not having come forward as Mr. CHILDERS'S opponent. It is something, of course, to have regained the rank of a Liberal whom Mr. ARTHUR ARNOLD dislikes almost as much as he does a Tory; while at the same time to have disguised his conversion so successfully as to avert the risk of Mr. ARNOLD'S obtaining an authoritative position from which to again address Parliament and the public on the Land-laws is to have rendered no slight service to the student of politics. There are also signs of grace in Mr. CHILDERS'S reference to Ireland. He has discovered apparently that it will hardly do to place the police of any country at the disposal of the enemies of law and order, and that such a policy would be more indefensible in Ireland than elsewhere. Mr. CHILDERS accordingly has disappeared with

becoming readiness through the only loophole of escape from an untenable position. The Irish police force, he observes, is virtually a military body, and of course it would never do to place such a weapon as that in the hands of the local authorities in Ireland. No; but then the police ought not to be a military or semi-military body; they ought to be a civilian body, and then, you see, the local authorities might have the control of them, while we reserved the military, as we do in England, for dealing with such cases of resistance to law as a civilian police are unable to dispose of unaided—which explanation, as we have said before, is a “sign of grace.” That it is a sign of understanding we cannot go so far as to say. There are, in fact, about half-a-dozen objections of the most conclusive kind to doing what Mr. CHILDERS recommends; of which the first—as, indeed, it may well be the last—is founded on the inexpediency of informing a thoroughly loyal and most efficient force of fourteen thousand men, who have supported authority through a most trying time, that their services are no longer required by the Executive Government; but that, of course, if they like to divest themselves of their military character—which is as easily thrown off as their uniforms—the Government will be happy to recommend them to the local authorities as a “civilian police.”

Of Mr. MORLEY's speech at Chelmsford, the only other recent political speech of note, we need only observe here that it is another contribution to those politics of despair of which, strange to say, he seems to be at present the principal, if not the only avowed, representative. Mr. MORLEY once more urges that we should grant Home Rule to Ireland, not because Home Rule will be good for her or good for England, but because eighty-six Irish representatives demand it, because they will make themselves very disagreeable in the English Parliament if it is not granted, and because if, in the last resort and under intolerable provocation, we expel them, they may “withdraw to Dublin and hold an assembly of their own there, and make speeches and pass resolutions.” There are, however, some Englishmen even now, and we hope and believe that their number is increasing daily, who, after this terrible picture has been presented, will simply say, What then? Mr. MORLEY continues, by supposing that the Government “seize them in their assembly and put them in Kilmainham under lock and key,” “flood the island with horse, foot, and artillery,” &c., which of course under the circumstances they should do. But, still, What then? Why, would not this, asks Mr. MORLEY, be a disruption of the Empire and a breach of the unity of the realm? Most certainly not, we answer; unless the action of the Federal Government in America was a “disruption” of the Union. Our own action, like theirs, would be the preventing of disruption by force, and the only difference—so we are bound to suppose—between Mr. MORLEY and the rest of his countrymen is that they would prefer to apply the force now instead of two or three years hence. Mr. MORLEY, we presume, would approve of our fighting to prevent the Irish Parliament from executing a resolution in favour of separation. Yet he must know that it would inevitably have to be done at far greater cost in bloodshed. How, then, can he justify to his conscience the policy of creating a Parliament which would strive from the hour of its establishment to compass the separation of the two countries?

ELECTION EXPENSES.

MOST of the misunderstandings of life arise, it has been observed by philosophers, from differences of standpoint; and no known relation in which human beings can stand to each other is likely to present a more strongly-marked example of these differences than is that which subsists between the returning officer and a defeated candidate on the matter of election expense. The hearts of creditor and debtor rarely beat as one under any circumstances; but here we have the case of a creditor whose demands are not even sweetened to his debtor by the faintest flavour of pleasant recollection. The unfortunate recipient of the little account has not merely the common complaint that there is nothing to show for the money; he has something worse than nothing to show for it—failure, to wit, and disappointment; the remorseful reflection, perhaps, that he or his friends might have pushed his interests with a little more vigour, and possibly a certain resentful looking back upon those promises of which the ballot-boxes failed to yield a fulfilment. We may take it as certain, then, that a returning officer's charges will never be paid by

a defeated candidate with that cheerful alacrity which, if human nature were a less imperfect thing, should always attend the settlement of a just claim; and we may even expect that the debtor will occasionally go, so far as to question the justice of such a claim in the very law courts themselves. How desirable is it, therefore, that these promptings of our unregenerate nature should not be encouraged by any ambiguity in the framing or uncertainty in the interpretation of the statutes applicable to the case!

Desirable, however, as are these conditions, we cannot say that they have been attained at present. Mr. CLAYDEN, the defeated candidate for the Norwood division of Lambeth, affords in his own person a melancholy proof to the contrary. He applied the other day to the Registrar of the Lambeth County Court to reduce the returning officer's charges, and tendered evidence to show that, though these charges did not reach the maximum allowed by the Act, yet that they were greater than they need have been, and that the Act prescribes that the charges are “in no case to exceed the sums actually and necessarily paid or payable.” The Registrar, however, declined to make any reduction, and indeed practically, if not in so many express words, ruled that he had nothing to do but to see that no illegal claims were charged, and that the charges were not above the maximum set forth in the schedule. In other words, he appears to hold that, as a returning officer in one sense “necessarily” pays any charge which has actually been incurred by him, the candidate is bound, if the charge is legal and within the maximum, to reimburse him, even though it might not have been necessary for the returning officer to go to so great an expense. In Mr. CLAYDEN's view the qualifying adverb ought to be understood as referring to an earlier stage of the transaction. A returning officer pays “necessarily” for polling-stations or what not of undue costliness when once the order for them has been given and executed; but there is no necessity to give the particular order to the particular person who received it, and Mr. CLAYDEN urges that, if it is in excess of the expense which need have been incurred, the candidate ought not to be held liable for it. The contention may be unsound, but it is certainly an arguable one; and it is a pity that any contention of the kind should be capable of being raised under this important section. No law court doubtless would scrutinize the account of a returning officer, who has often to do his work in a hurry, too narrowly, and surcharge him unless he could prove that he made absolutely the best terms possible. But the rule laid down by the Registrar of the Lambeth County Court goes much further than this.

SMALL FRY.

I.

MICHAEL DRAYTON hardly showed his usual discrimination when he treated small fry so cavalierly in his lines:—

The dainty gudgeon, loche, the minnow, and the bleak,
Since they but little are, I little need to speak.

Only too many people have followed in his footsteps, and of such we can but say with all commiseration theirs is the loss, for the initiated wisely place very high the merits of a dish of fat gudgeon, fried piping hot, and “asperged” with lemon juice. Unfortunately for the general public, gudgeon do not come much into the market. Perhaps the conscious superiority of having partaken of this “dish for kings” is one of the reasons for the divine placidity of mind of a Thames angler; for, as old Father Izaak testifies, “I envy not him that eats better meat than I do, nor him that is richer, or that wears better clothes than I do; I envy nobody but him, and him only, that catches more fish than I do.” That gudgeon-fishing is an all-absorbing pastime is proved by many stories, the best of all being that told by Daniel, in his *Rural Sports*, of an angling vicar, who was engaged to be married to his bishop's daughter. To raise his spirits, we suppose, upon “the fatal morn” he went out gudgeon-fishing, and lingered so long over his sport that, when he at last arrived at the church, it was too late for the ceremony, and the bride contemptuously declined to marry a man who so evidently preferred the quiet flow of a gudgeon stream to the more stormy waters of matrimony, or, in other words, “his basket to his bride.” No doubt the consciousness of twelve dozen fish in his basket sustained him under such an ordeal. Sir Isaac Newton was not proof against this one “touch of nature” in the shape of gudgeon-fishing, and Bacon, Cecil, Hollinshed, and Gay all helped to swell the noble army of gudgeon-fishers.

A gudgeon's merits have been recognized through all time, as in fact they well deserve; though so small, it would be indeed difficult to find a more toothsome morsel. The Greeks called him *καβίός*, from which came the Latin *gobius* or *gobio*. Some authorities, such as Linnæus, Bloch, Donovan, and Jeayns consider him a true member of the carp family, and therefore call

him *Cyprinus Gobio*, while Johnston, Willoughby, Fleming, Yarrell, and Couch differ from their learned brethren, and, though allowing that the little barbels at the gudgeon's mouth cause a resemblance to the mighty carp, they maintain that the difference of the dorsal and anal fins being short in the gudgeon, and, above all, in his not possessing the spines, in front of those fins, which are a distinguishing mark of the true Cyprinidæ, precludes the idea of a very close relationship. By these authorities, therefore, this lovely little fish is simply called *Gobio fluviatilis*, on account of his preference for running water. Alluding to this very spinelessness (which causes his non-resemblance to the carp family) and the general slipperiness of the gudgeon's little person, Ovid says of him:—

Lubricus et spinâ nocuus non gobius ullâ.

Dr. Baham, in his *Fishing Tattle*, relates the story of the dish of gudgeon which Ptolemy caused to be set before the parricide Archephoron, whom he had invited over from Attica to Egypt. Ptolemy was so utterly taken aback when his guest refused the delicacy that he had offered him, that he muttered to his confidant Alcanor that the guest must be either a blind man or a lunatic. Alcanor hastened to appease the royal wrath by attributing the guest's abstinence to modesty. "He saw it, sire, but deemed himself unworthy to lay profane hands upon so divine a little fish." Galen gives the gudgeon a high place amongst edible fish, not only for the sweetness and delicacy of its flavour, but also for its digestibility. John Williamson, "gent. temp. 1740," commends the gudgeon "for a fish of an excellent nourishment, easy of digestion, and increasing good blood." Izaak Walton says "the gudgeon is reputed a fish of excellent taste and to be very wholesome." Dr. Brookes, in his *History of Fishes*, goes still further, and says that this fish is "thought good for a consumption and by many swallowed alive." Whether this advice has been followed by many is not added, but it is on record that Mme. de Genlis, one day out fishing with some companions, on being accused by them of being a "fine Paris lady," suddenly seized a freshly-caught gudgeon, and swallowed it alive, exclaiming, "This will show whether I am a fine Paris lady!" We can only hope that her friends were sufficiently convinced.

Gudgeon are pretty widely distributed over Europe; and in most of the rivers of England and Ireland the fish is found in abundance. In Scotland it is not known, and it is only of recent years that it has been found in Cornwall or the western portion of Devonshire. In France it is immensely esteemed for the table, two francs a pound and upwards being given for gudgeon in the country towns. Mr. Manley says that Thames fishermen can always get a halfpenny apiece for gudgeon at the waterside hotels on the Upper Thames, where the experience of anglers has taught them to appreciate the edible charms of *gobio*. The best gudgeon for eating are certainly those of the Thames, which far surpass in flavour those of the Trent and the two Avons, where they are found in abundance. Gudgeon like clear, moderately swift-flowing rivers, with bottoms of gravel, and here and there deep holes in which they congregate in the winter for warmth. Mr. Frank Buckland, who was an ardent admirer of gudgeon-fishing, says that "favourite spots for them when in the biting humour about Windsor are the deep holes dredged out of the bed of the Thames by the dredging, locally called ballast, barges." However, a gudgeon is a hardy little fish, and few situations come amiss to him. Gudgeon do well in ponds, too, though if a brisk stream happens to run through the pond they will benefit greatly thereby. Couch mentions some ponds near Penzance where gudgeon were introduced and thrived remarkably well. Gudgeon are marvellously prolific, as may well be imagined, when anglers sometimes take twelve dozen in a day, and often seven or eight dozen. These little fish spawn, it is said, three times a year, beginning in April, and French authorities say they require a month to hatch out, an opinion not altogether shared at this side of the Channel. Unlike many other fish amongst whom polyandry seems to be the order of existence, the gudgeon is a true Mormon, and has at least six wives, if not more, to choose from. By the beginning of August the fry are about an inch long. The best months for gudgeon-fishing are August, September, October, and even as late as November. Owing to the different times of spawning, the angler will probably find among his take an extraordinary difference of size, some being quite large fish, and others extremely small. The Thames Angling Preservation Society tells its members not to take, or rather not to keep, gudgeon measuring less than five inches from the eye to the end of the tail; but it is more than doubtful whether any one ever attends to this dictum. Gudgeon have been known to attain seven inches, and even perhaps eight, but these *gobios* are monsters, and worthy to be placed in glass cases. The ordinary size for a gudgeon is between five and six inches, and a Thames fisherman is hardly likely to throw back into the water a gudgeon under five inches, which would make about the very best possible bait for either perch or eels. Though a gudgeon is good enough to be proof against being spoiled by even an amateur cook, opinions differ somewhat as to the best ways of treating him. Mr. Frank Buckland earnestly recommends "when out gudgeon-fishing on the Thames be sure and take a frying-pan, as gudgeons taken out of the water and immediately fried are delicious. Clean, wipe, and flour, then well fry in boiling fat or, better, in oil, till they are crisp and of a light brown colour. Such a fish dinner is always a great feature in a picnic on a fine day." Mr. Manley, who, though he abuses all other freshwater fish from a culinary point of view, is enthu-

siastic over fried gudgeon, says that "the chief secret, as with the cooking of all coarse freshwater fish, is to allow the gudgeon, after being cleaned, to become dry and almost hard by exposure to sun and wind." In France gudgeon are simply fried in butter after having been well washed externally, though not cleaned out. But, though opinions may differ as to details, all are agreed that the gudgeon is fat and well liking, "prepinguis, terez," as Ausonius remarks, and worthy to appear on the table of the most epicurean of gourmets.

The loach is another member of the tribe of small fry who is worthy of more notice than he generally gets. It is a tiny little fish, rarely attaining five inches in length, and somewhat resembles a small gudgeon, though his barred tail and mottled sides make him richer in colour and better looking. The loach is even more slippery a customer than the gudgeon, on account of his very small scales, which not only offer no resistance to the touch, but are also covered with a slimy secretion. He lives almost entirely at the bottom of the stream, where he finds the worms and aquatic insects that form his food, and where he usually lies concealed behind or beneath a stone waiting for his prey. The loach never uses his eyes for the purpose of seeking his prey; the barbs that encircle his mouth are possessed of nerves far more developed and of far higher sensibility than those that provide his eyes with sight, and help him to his prey far better than mere sight could do. The nerves of both the organ of hearing and of that of smell are of most acute sensibility, and experiments have proved that a loach will follow its food by the scent, so as to discover it, even when hidden from sight or touch. Loaches are nocturnal fish, which is probably the reason that their sight is less developed than their other senses; as soon as darkness comes on they become extremely active, in contrast to their utter listlessness by day. However, in spite of this listlessness, they will take a bait, and Izaak Walton, who speaks of the loach as "a most dainty fish . . . very grateful both to the palate and stomach of sick persons," recommends that he should be "fished for with a very small worm, at the bottom, for he very seldom or never rises above the gravel." In some parts of Europe loach are immensely esteemed for the table, and great trouble is taken to transport them to market alive. In connexion with this, Couch mentions an unpleasant habit said to obtain in some parts of England of swallowing loach alive; but, as he wisely adds, "When this sort of mistaken craving is indulged in, the devourer should at least be cautioned to observe the advice of Rondeletius, in not mistaking the armed loach for the smooth-cheeked species, and thereby become liable to the penalty of suffering a laceration of his throat, as the struggling victim may be urging his passage into his stomach." Linneus, in his *Fauna Suecica*, records the fact that Frederick I., King of Sweden, had loach brought over from Germany, and naturalized in Sweden. Gesner, that drawer of the long-bow in all matters piscatorial, for once was right when he spoke highly of the loach's edible qualities, and recommended him as a good dish for invalids. It seems a pity that so excellent a little fish, a worthy substitute for whitebait, should not be cultivated for the table, to the advantage of all fish-eaters. From a sporting point of view, the loach, unlike his relation the brave little gudgeon, has but little to recommend him. The most ordinary way in which his capture is effected is by small boys armed with dinner-forks tied to the end of sticks, with which they spear poor little "Beardie," while, like an ostrich, he has hidden his head behind a stone. But if he does not show sport himself, he is capable of causing it to be shown by others, for loach are one of the most deadly baits for lake trout that can be found. And to such as wish to try what delights loach-trotting can afford on an Irish lough, on a fine summer or autumn evening, we would recommend the use of the small green loach of about two and a half to three inches long, as being of the kind and size most preferred by *Salmo ferox*.

ON KEEPING THE TEMPER.

THERE are some people who assume the attitude of the moral preacher quite easily—as easily as others dub themselves reverends and their houses rectories. That is not our case. We are modest, we are nothing if not modest; and, moreover, we have an aversion, which we admit is deplorably old-fashioned, to saying the same thing twice over. It is, therefore, with great reluctance that we venture to repeat, for the benefit of those whom it may concern, the advice that, in political matters, and in reference to the coming Session more particularly, it is really not a bad thing to keep your temper. Some of the persons to whom a former admonition was addressed appear to have profited by it. We have no doubt that by this time Sir Charles Dilke has repented most heartily of that phenomenally (yes, phenomenally) foolish speech about the Primrose League ladies. Mr. Childers has relapsed from petulance at Pontefract to normal dulness at Edinburgh. Sir Wilfrid Lawson (considerably improved, we must not say sobered, by adversity) has given something like a humorous account of his defeat in Cumberland; and growling at the individual disasters of the late election is left to the Mr. Hugh Masons of this vain and transitory world.

But a few responsible persons and a great many irresponsible ones among the beaten party still continue the chorus of peevish lamentation. Mr. Herbert Gladstone, to paraphrase a recent letter of his, thinks it real mean of the Tories, after making the most

they could of the Irish alliance, to go and take the other side. Mr. Dick and Mr. Tom and Mr. Harry, ailing at Little Pedlington and Kennaquhair their unaccustomed titles of M.P., declare that Britons never, never will be slaves to Lord Salisbury. But most unhappy of all are the Liberal newspapers. In one respected print last Thursday morning the situation appears to have altogether got the better of any sense of humour that the writer may have possessed. Not contented with bestowing on the language and attitude of the enemies of Mr. Gladstone the epithets of "anile," phenomenal (which, however, he admits to be bad English, probably meaning thereby bad Greek, for it is good English enough in all conscience), "railing," "stuff," "scolding," "grovelling," all in a single paragraph, this journalist proceeded to survey the situation in what was evidently a truly painful state of mind. It seems that the Liberal party "outnumber their regular opponents" ["regular" is good] by at least eighty. "At their head is the greatest statesman of the age, perhaps ["perhaps" is better] of any age"; he is "the first of constructive legislators," "the measures which he has devised and persuaded Parliament to accept ["devised" and "persuaded" are best of all] would make a very respectable show if divided among all the Tory politicians who have sat on the Treasury Bench since the death of Sir Robert Peel." And yet, despite all this, the biggest of majorities, headed by the greatest of statesmen, is somehow or other out and not in. What is more, it is out after having made the most elaborate arrangements to come in. What is more still, things generally have been going nearly as well since it was out as they went badly when it was in. Therefore, does not a faithful Press do well to be angry at this fresh addition to the innumerable proofs of the temporary supremacy of the devil? Ay, marry does it.

Now, all this is natural, but it really is not wise. When, for instance, Mr. Herbert Gladstone writes as he wrote in the letter above referred to, he infallibly directs the memories of all men who have memories to the time when he had to eat the largest of leeks under Sir Frederick Milner's cudgel, and with the sauce thereof. The falsehood (there is no use in mincing matters) of a Tory Irish alliance before the election may have been originally believed by Mr. Herbert Gladstone out of the innocence of his heart. But, "having been corrected, he should not do so." He is young; but he surely must be aware of the language which is applied among gentlemen to persons who, after demonstration made, persist in repeating falsehoods. Surely one "Mr. Jos Chamberlain" (as he was called the other day in the report of his brother's refusal to pay for the police he had ordered) is enough for the Liberal party. And, if the Liberal party has need of a second Mr. Jos Chamberlain, is even that party likely to seek him in the shoes of Mr. Herbert Gladstone? Hardly, we should suppose. Mr. Herbert Gladstone, however, is probably incorrigible. Being aware that his only hold of public attention is the fact of his being Mr. Gladstone's son, and being aware also that this is not only an inestimable privilege, but as long as his father survives an inalienable one, he is probably indifferent to what is thought of him. But the journalists who write according to the sample above given (and there are many such), how is it that they do not see that other things put aside, the style is not likely to be a paying one? No doubt, as has been frankly acknowledged, the situation is very unpleasant for them. In the last thirty years there have been seven general elections. In every one of the first six, with the single exception of 1874, the Liberals have had a majority on the gross numbers of the House of Commons. The majority, with the exception just mentioned, varied from something over a hundred to something under fifty, but it has always been there. And now they have elaborately prepared a fresh General Election, have elaborately groundbaited the new constituencies, have elaborately retired from office in order to get the advantage of canvassing in opposition, and have, as those confounded figures prove, come back in a minority variously estimated at from two to six. Vainly, vainly do they try to talk about "regular" opponents. These subtleties are at once as idle and as inopportune as the objection of the cockney curate in *Shirley* to the absence of a "regla butla" in Yorkshire houses. So long as Mr. Gladstone has not succeeded in squaring the uncomfortable irregular opponents (and it must be granted to him that he has already done his best), it is a sad and solemn truth that, regular or irregular, his opponents are in a majority. Regular or irregular, their votes will count in the lobby; regular or irregular, they can be sworn in at the table; regular or irregular, they were most emphatically returned to Parliament *not* to support Mr. Gladstone. You might as well try to prove Mr. Gladstone in a majority by omitting all the members on the Government side who have beards, or all who wear flowers in their button-holes, or all who prefer Burgundy to claret.

And then those little remarks about the greatest statesman, perhaps, of any age, the constructive legislator, and all the rest of it? Surely these are not quite triumphs of temper? There have been several statesmen in the ages, and their several records are pretty well before the world. "Great" is an ambiguous word, if you like, but "constructive" unluckily is not.

"He pulls things down," quoth Cyril, "very well; But when did Gladstone ever yet construct?"

(Which, it is not generally known, is the true and very superior reading of the Laureate's lines.) He has pulled down the Irish Church; perhaps that is construction. He has poked dead Dissenters into places from which, if there be any sincerity in their live creed, they ought to wish to be carefully kept away;

but the construction here is not exactly obvious to the naked eye. He has abstracted twenty per cent. from Irish landlords' rentals; an architectural accomplishment of the highest merit. He has diverted endowments in the Universities which were definitely left for given persons and purposes to other persons and purposes; construction in the highest degree. He has cut about the English fiscal system till, if the public were to abstain from alcohol during a single year, the Chancellor of the Exchequer would simply have to resign or hang himself; there is a builder-up for you. He has very nearly constructed the union between Great Britain and Ireland out of existence, and (if something stronger than rumour does not bely him) is ready to put on the coping-stone by the original process of knocking away the foundation. Not a single measure of the first class which stands to his name in history is other than destructive. Grant, for the sake of argument, that every one of these is destructive of abuses, it is hardly the more constructive for that.

But these are the sorrowful chances when men write in a temper. There are who say and hold that the temper is simulated, but we are not thus cynically minded. The truth is that your real genuine Liberal of a certain kind can never contemplate himself or his party in the cold without being in more or less of a noble rage. Sometimes that rage shows itself in such outbursts as Sir Charles Dilke's, outbursts in that case elicited by the mere narrow escape from being out in the cold, not by the actual and painful experience. But more often it is the experience itself. After all that has been done for an ungrateful people, after ingenious gerrymandering and assiduous programme-making, after copious hints at Disestablishment when something could be got by it, and indignant repudiation of Disestablishment when it began to look like a losing card, after impassioned appeals before the election to the electors to save the country from separation and Lord Salisbury, and adroit suggestions afterwards to Mr. Parnell to come and separate the country in Lord Salisbury's teeth; after three acres and a cow for everybody who wanted them, and virtuous denials of the offer to anybody who was shocked at it—after all this, and after a special increase of twelve Scotch seats considered to be safe for the Liberal side, to come back materially weaker than in the last Parliament is, to be sure, very trying indeed. How trying it may be seen in every speech, every article, delivered or printed on the side of Mr. Gladstone. But still the counsel of the ancients to grin and bear it appears, on the whole, to be the wisest. It really does not do any good to call your opponents, even your regular opponents, hard names, and it does still less good to make out that 333 or 334 or even 335 is the larger half of 670. "Make it so," said the Captain, touching his hat, to the midshipman's great edification. But in this instance the Captain can't make it so. The accursed laws of arithmetic and the universe stand in the way, though he has his hat never so constructively. How much wiser is the attitude of Mr. John Morley, who admits that "the result of the elections has not been to put Mr. Gladstone in the position he desired," and who consequently treats the situation in a businesslike manner. Turn Lord Salisbury out if you can; sell the Union to Mr. Parnell if he will be a reasonable chapman; offer every labourer twelve acres and a white elephant at the next election; give Brother Ringleub the great as well as the small tithes of the parish to induce him to redouble his efforts. All that is business. But talk about regular Oppositions which omits an irregular Opposition of eighty-six is not like business, and is very like temper.

FAUST AT THE LYCEUM.

THIS play has now been running so long that we may fairly assume that the performance has settled down to its permanent shape, and the whole work may be considered ripe for detailed criticism. Many of the most glaring errors of the adapter have been cut out, as have also some irrelevant mechanical effects. In spite of these alterations, it remains evident that neither adapter nor stage-manager has realized the meaning of Goethe's work. We are all familiar with the critical and hypercritical objections which have been made by enthusiastic students of Goethe to the treatment which the poem has received at the hands of MM. Barbier, Carré, and Gounod. It is evident that Mr. Wills had made up his mind to have no parallel drawn between his work and at all events that of the librettists. But in his attempt at varying from them he has, in our opinion, missed the points where they were right, and run side by side with them where they were wrong. One of the standing objections to the popular operatic version is that the Gretchen incident is made to swallow up the deeper side of the play; and this is no doubt true, but not quite true; for, at all events in the first act, which few people take the trouble to be in time to hear, and in the Brocken act, which is not played in England, the composer at least has taken great pains to indicate the deep emotions and mental problems which are the true subjects of Goethe's work. Mr. Wills, however, in our opinion, utterly fails to do more than present the incident of Faust's adventures with the village maiden, and that in a very melodramatic manner. As to the dramatic literary side of Mr. Wills's play, in our opinion the use of the stilted verbiage which verse-writers are by an unfortunate license allowed occasionally to employ does not tend to elevate the subject or render it poetic, nor does it help the actors to fill their mouths with the rugged fragments of dislocated sentences. More especially are these faults to be avoided in adapting from an author like Goethe, one of whose great merits was being

able to get deep emotional effect from language colloquial in its simplicity. His colloquialism, however, was, it must be admitted, somewhat different from Mr. Wills's efforts of the same kind, as where he makes Faust at the first sight of Marguerite exclaim, "Oh, what angel walks the street!"

We have charged the stage-manager with a want of insight into the poem and its stage requirements, and this want of insight is the more remarkable as Mr. Irving has a good conception of Mephistopheles, which he carries out with skill. But had he felt the play and the meaning of the other characters he surely could have spared us much pain. For who, when the play was first talked of, did not hope for a beautiful performance from Miss Terry? There may have been those who doubted her dramatic strength in the last act: those again who, having some recondite idea of the character, feared that her conception would be erroneous; but surely all looked for beauty, charm, and naturalness. And what can be more painful than not only to be disappointed, but to find an actress of genius, great skill, and long practice, after a week of the public performance of a play, still feeling and feeling in vain for her effects, and at times completely at a standstill? We can only ask ourselves if the strict Goetheans have so shaken Gounod's opera in the face of the management that Miss Terry has resolved that nothing done by Mmes. Miolan Carvalho, Tietjens, Pauline Lucca, Nilsson, or Gerster shall appear in her performance, and has thus left herself nothing to do. Whatever may be the cause, there are but few moments during the evening in which we are even able to enjoy Miss Terry's rare power of speaking her words as if they were her spontaneous utterance. That she is at times at a standstill, and that the stage-manager has not helped her, is most glaringly shown in the scene where Mephistopheles announces her husband's death to Martha. During the whole time Miss Terry wandered aimlessly about the stage, and all that had been done to help her was to arrange that she should "place chairs" for the other two characters, and replace the same chairs against the back of the scene when they were no longer wanted by Mr. Irving and Mrs. Stirling. As it is through the stage-manager that we have criticized Miss Terry, so it must be that in criticizing Mr. Conway we again have to reflect on the stage-management. After the first act Mr. Conway apparently gave the part up in despair, and contented himself by looking handsome, wearing his dresses easily, and moving gracefully about the stage. He tried in the love scenes to do something; but there was no response, and so nothing to be done. In the scene on the mountain-side where Faust turns upon Mephistopheles, and is himself turned upon, Mr. Conway appeared to feel the situation; but, as the exigencies of the stage-management obliged him to keep his back to Mephistopheles and deliver his tirade over his shoulder, even this chance failed. As to the other characters, Mr. Alexander, as Valentine, had the best chance. The duel and death scene is arranged exactly as MM. Barbier and Carré have arranged it in the opera; and the orchestra even ventures to hint at the music which M. Gounod composed for this scene. But, making all due allowance for the excellence of the situation and the relief to the audience at recognizing a well-known scene, there can be no doubt that Mr. Alexander shows fine dramatic power in his performance. Mrs. Stirling, as Martha, is heavily weighted by being obliged to appear as so old a woman; but her excellent mechanism and the true art with which she toned down the amorous side of the character made her performance most pleasing and most interesting, though, of course, it was not Martha, who ought to be a woman between the ages. We now come to Mr. Irving's performance of Mephistopheles, and at last can give ourselves relief from the strain of trying to analyse discontent by recording admiration. This Mephistopheles certainly ranks with the best work which Mr. Irving has done as an actor since his name became a household word in this country. He has chosen a modification of the modern German conception, and shows us an agreeable, cynical man, with a sort of hidden repulsiveness about him, but with even in his most ordinary moods a strong touch of supernatural diabolical personality, which touch rises at the proper moments into true diabolism. This conception is most admirably carried out in look, gesture, and play of voice, and for the greater part of the play Mr. Irving's peculiarities of pronunciation and phrasing are almost lost. He has also wisely chosen to play the part slowly both in speech and gesture, and has most happily hit the colloquial tone suitable to Goethe, though not as a rule to Mr. Wills, who, however, by some little care in translation or by reference to other adapters, has not disfigured Mephistopheles's words quite so much as he has those of the other characters. Nor does Mr. Irving lack dignity in those scenes where Mephistopheles appears as a fiend. There are, of course, faults in his playing, but they belong so essentially to the general wrong tone of the whole performance that it would be ungracious to insist upon them in noticing what is perhaps, from a true art point of view, the only redeeming feature of the Lyceum *Faust*. To return to the play as a whole, it can only be believed by actually seeing the performance that Mr. Wills has cut out the scene on the Brocken. Those who have heard or read of the elaborate spectacle, the admirable ballet stage arrangements, and the expensive and novel electrical effects introduced in a scene on the Brocken, will wonder what this means. The fact is that the dramatic scene belonging to the philosophic, but yet dramatic, groundwork of *Faust* is cut out, and the action of the drama, as far as it is shown at all in Mr. Wills's play, is interrupted for a whole act to exhibit a wonderfully well designed and executed scene from a *féerie* on the subject of a Witches' Sabbath,

carried on in the presence of the actors taking the parts of Faust and Mephistopheles.

We have said that Mr. Irving has chosen, and wisely chosen, to play Mephistopheles slowly. Unfortunately the whole performance is also slow and dragged, whereby much of the effect of his playing is lost. This dragging is not only due to the want of comprehension of the play, but also to a fault of dramatic construction. Paradoxical as it may seem, Mr. Wills makes his play drag by hurrying his action. Before one idea is grasped another follows so quickly that interest, never being fixed, is soon lost, and the bewildered audience can only grasp at the barest outlines of what is taking place before them.

We have pointed out why we consider that, on the whole, *Faust* as seen at the Lyceum is a failure from an art point of view. But when all is said, we have the wonderful truth and interest of the First Part of *Faust*, which can hardly be destroyed by any mutilation or misrendering, the beauty of the stage pictures, and the wonder and glamour of the Witches' Sabbath, to attract the groundlings, and the excellence both of conception and execution of Mr. Irving's Mephistopheles to attract the lover of acting, to say nothing of the smaller parts so admirably played by Mrs. Stirling and Mr. Alexander.

LORD RADSTOCK ON CHURCH REFORM.

IT might seem unkind to suggest that Lord Radstock reminds one of a pocket edition of the late Lord Shaftesbury, with his broader sympathies left out. Yet it is impossible not to be reminded by his public appearances of one, and that not the most admirable, side of the earlier career of that active and benevolent philanthropist. It is sometimes asked whether Lord Radstock wishes to be considered an Evangelical Churchman or a Dissenter. As he has just indited an elaborate letter to the *Times* on Church Reform, it may be presumed that he prefers the former designation, but to say the truth his manner of handling the subject appears to us, so far from elucidating, very considerably to obscure the question he has set himself to discuss—namely, what constitutes the difference between a Churchman and a Dissenter—to say nothing of the still more "fundamental question" he begins by propounding: "What is the Church?" Nor can it be affirmed that his appeal to the 39 Articles for the settlement of this knotty point is very felicitous. He tells us that "the 19th Article says, 'The visible Church of Christ is a congregation of faithful men &c.,' the '&c.' being evidently assumed to be merely a sort of 'padding'—if so secular a phrase may be allowed—to the essential part of the definition. And accordingly, after observing that we must define who are 'the faithful men,' and which is the 'congregation' comprising them, he proceeds at once to state that in the opinion of 'most thoughtful people' a national Church should comprehend all the followers of Christ in the nation, whereas the term 'Churchman' does not represent even approximately the followers of Christ in England." Perhaps not, but Lord Radstock fails to notice that the neglected "&c." of Article 19, which he dismisses so curtly, contains a rather important condition of the essence of the *cetus fidelium*—to cite the authorized Latin version—which is studiously ignored throughout his letter from first to last. The Church is not simply defined as "a congregation of faithful men," but as one "in which the pure Word of God is preached and the Sacraments duly ministered according to Christ's ordinance in all those things that of necessity are requisite to the same." What those things are is a further question not touched in that Article, but it clearly implies that something is necessary to the existence of the visible Church beyond the presence of "faithful men," or, as Lord Radstock paraphrases *fideles*, "true followers of Christ." Indeed he goes on himself to make the significant remark that "many who truly serve the Lord would feel unable to call themselves Churchmen, on account of ecclesiastical arrangements, adhesion to which is commonly supposed to constitute a Churchman." Exactly so, but then the 19th Article insists—in the "&c." clause—on the necessity of some "ecclesiastical arrangements," though without precisely defining them, and it seems only natural that those who object to these "arrangements" should "feel unable to call themselves" what they obviously are not, though it might perhaps be wished that they were readier to own their inability than they sometimes are, when a questionable victory is to be snatched by calling themselves Churchmen for the nonce. However Lord Radstock disposes of that difficulty summarily enough by laying down that, if the Church excludes these "true followers of Christ" for refusing "their assent to regulations which"—in Lord Radstock's opinion—"the great Head of the Church has not imposed as obligatory, then the Church is in error." Be it so, but then the less said about the 39 Articles or any other Anglican formularies the better, in whatever direction they may point; they may be in error too. The real issue raised is not what in fact constitutes membership in the Church of England, but what ought to be the condition of membership in a "congregation of true followers of Christ" to be hereafter organized on the pattern devised by Lord Radstock. That may be an interesting but is quite a different question.

However his lordship does profess, at least in words, to recognize what is obviously mere matter of common sense, that "in the constitution of any body there must be, first, a definition

of membership, and, secondly, principles of government," and he proceeds to criticize various amateur Church Reformers, including the Cambridge memorialists—whom we are not at all concerned to defend—for their failure to grasp this not very recondite truism. He objects to baptism as a test because it might include Mr. Bradlaugh, and to communion because it might exclude many persons who will not communicate in parishes where the teaching or ritual of the clergyman offends them—whose conduct, by the way, is hardly consistent, to say the least, with the spirit of Article 26, even assuming the clergyman to be entirely in the wrong. And he objects with better reason to the Cambridge test of "*bond fide* members of the Church of England," in the application of which he justly observes "there is a practical difficulty," though his way of stating the difficulty seems rather an odd one. There are, he assures us, "tens of thousands" who go to Dissenting places of worship when they detect either ritualism or rationalism in the ministrations of the parish church. And he intimates that it is very hard to "brand as Dissenters," persons who find extempore prayer at 11 A.M. on Sunday morning more helpful to their souls than "using the formulary presented by a rubric," in other words who find it more conducive to edification to patronize "Little Bethel" than to attend the parish church. They may or may not be right in their preference, but why should "a Christian man" complain of being "called a Dissenter" when he deliberately acts as such? Lord Radstock finds Protestant worship more to his soul's health than "the formulary presented by" the Roman Missal. Does he feel it a hardship that in consequence he "must necessarily be called" a Protestant and not a Roman Catholic? So far, to say the truth, we were rather puzzled to know exactly what he was driving at. But when he goes on to insist that "the principle on which these difficulties are to be solved is a very simple one," we seemed to be touching firm ground, and hoped at last to come to a clear understanding of this new programme of Church Reform. The "principle" however turns out to be to relax the Act of Uniformity, as proposed by the Cambridge memorialists, and thus to permit extempore prayer in church. On which it is obvious to remark that to relax the Act of Uniformity would not at all necessarily involve the permission of extempore prayer, and that this anyhow would appear to ordinary apprehension a matter rather of detail than of "principle." It is curious, too, that a leading Evangelical clergyman—Dr. Bell of Cheltenham—should have publicly protested against this very item of the Cambridge memorial, because it cuts both ways, and might give—as of course it would—fresh scope for ritualistic innovations; so that even on this fundamental "principle," as he regards it, Lord Radstock will not find all his true Christians agreed. And when he proceeds to declare that this "simple principle" will serve to bind together "Christian men of different denominations in a unity and harmony which the Act of Uniformity has never been able to bring about," we feel the simplicity becoming still more hopelessly obscure. How are members of different denominations to be united in one Church—and that is the point under discussion—any more than natives of different countries can be united in one nation?

But here once again Lord Radstock seems for the moment to be coming to the critical point. He says justly enough that this brings us to the question of "the government of the national Church," and he solves it by endorsing the Cambridge recommendation of "the admission of laymen of all classes who are *bond fide* members of the Church of England" to a large share in Church government. But he had already told us—quite truly—that "there is a difficulty" in defining *bond fide* membership, and when he sums up with the final suggestion—thrown off *currente calamo*—that it must be made to depend on "real Christianity," not on "rubrical uniformity," it is surely not hypercritical to remind him that, if rubrical uniformity is as inadequate, it is at least a definite and intelligible test, whereas there will be found just as much difficulty in defining "real Christianity" as in defining *bond fide* membership, to the satisfaction of all concerned. We said before that Lord Radstock was not happy in his reference to the 39 Articles, and his second appeal at the conclusion of his letter is certainly not less infelicitous than his first. He appears to think that, while his "real Christianity" criterion of Church membership is "contrary to the ecclesiastical custom of the present day," it is somehow supported by the 6th Article, which says that "nothing is to be required of any man to be believed as an article of faith which cannot be proved by Holy Scripture." But the 6th Article does not explain in whose judgment it must be proved, and evidently cannot mean in the judgment of each individual—which would throw us back on *quot homines tot sententiae*—for the next Article but one pronounces dogmatically that "the three Creeds ought to be thoroughly received and believed, for they may be proved by most certain warrants of Holy Scripture," although it is notorious that many individuals and denominations Lord Radstock might scruple to exclude from the category of "real Christians" reject these Creeds, or portions of them, as unscriptural. And a later Article, moreover, expressly declares that "the Church hath authority in controversies of faith." It may be more to the purpose to remind Lord Radstock of a precedent he will probably rate higher than that of any Creed or Council. When some years ago the Evangelical Alliance organized itself—presumably on the basis of "real Christianity"—the first thing it did was to formulate nine articles of belief as a condition of membership, including several tenets on which there is far from being any universal agreement among professing Christians—e.g. justification by faith and eternal punishment. And the precedent is important as

illustrating the impossibility of forming any religious society without some definite external test of membership other than the subjective standard of "real Christianity." A very definite test has indeed been proposed by one influential school of Church Reformers for discriminating the class of faithful laymen who are to exercise "a substantial control of Church affairs." It is to include all ratepayers. That is no doubt "simple" enough, but it is not surprising to find a High Church Deen objecting that it would "de-Christianize the Church," while a leading Non-conformist minister caps his criticism with the not inapt epigram that it is "destroying the Church, in order to preserve the Establishment." It may be feared that the "very simple" solution of the difficulty suggested by Lord Radstock, if any method could be devised of giving it practical effect, would act rapidly as a solvent both of the Establishment and the Church.

We are not engaged just now in discussing the wide and complicated question of Church Reform, but in exposing the practical futility of one particular scheme for dealing with it which has been seriously propounded. But before concluding, we may venture to call the attention of our readers to two papers on Church Reform—one by a clergyman, one by a layman—published in the current number of the *Contemporary Review*. Without at all committing ourselves to every opinion or suggestion contained in either or both of them, we may safely point to the instructive contrast, both in soundness of judgment and moderation of tone, presented by Mr. Stanton's and Mr. Russell's handling of this question, to the wild crotchets of Lord Radstock on the one hand and the less visionary, but not less objectionable, scheme of the National Church Reform Union on the other. Nobody disputes that reforms are urgently needed, and all are agreed that certain obvious abuses, such as the sale of next presentations, ought to be abolished. But it is possible even to do the right thing in the wrong way, and it is exceedingly easy to do the wrong thing with a right intention. It would not be too much to say that mistakes of both kinds are inevitable if we attempt to legislate in a panic. And some of the memorials on Church Reform recently put forward bear manifest traces on the surface of petitioning in a panic. That is a serious blunder; to legislate in the same spirit would be at once a blunder and a crime.

THE CAUCUS AND THE BABOOS.

DURING the recent elections a considerable amount of pleasing mystery was attached to the origin and aims of certain native Indian "delegates." It will be remembered that just at the moment when the rival parties in every British constituency were buckling on their armour for the electoral struggle, three young gentlemen, of fluent speech and romantic Oriental complexion, boldly stepped into the political arena, and announced that they were commissioned to let the people of England know who, among the various aspirants for Parliamentary honours, were the true friends of India. They produced a black list of proscribed candidates, whom they described as the enemies of their race and country; and they had also their good books, in which were written the names of all those dear good gentlemen who were prepared to provide moral pocket-handkerchiefs and other blessings of the cow-and-three-acres sort for "the poor starving ryots." It was observed, with some surprise, that all those Anglo-Indian candidates of whom anybody had ever heard as having done anything in India for the good of India were included among the proscribed; while the fortunate persons who were recommended were either English politicians not specially connected with India, or gentlemen hitherto unknown to fame, or only known from their connexion with famous libel-suits. Some little suspicion, too, was aroused by the fact that all the proscribed were Conservatives, and all the recommended ones were Radicals—with two exceptions, whose inclusion was, in each case, obviously "colourable" only. However, the three Baboos—if we may be permitted the use of the Bengali name for the class to which all three belong—stoutly declared that they had no connexion with any English party, but that they simply represented, like the three tailors of Tooley Street, the whole of their 250,000,000 fellow-countrymen. Sir Charles Dilke, too, came forward to assure the public that their visit was "in no way a party question"; and Mr. Bright, at a farewell meeting at Birmingham on December 7, spoke of the "message they were commanded by the millions of India to deliver." We all know how that "message" was received, in spite of Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. Bright. Every candidate whom they attacked—with the significant exception of the Liberal gentleman colourably included in their proscription—was selected; every one specially recommended by them is now out in the cold. And the last heard of the trio in England was in a paragraph published on December 19, which announced that they were about "to return to India in a few days."

Now, the Indian papers received by recent mails throw a curious side-light on this interesting electoral episode; and also afford an amusing commentary on Sir Charles Dilke's words. The three Baboos were evidently held well in hand here in England, as far as their speeches went, by their wire-pullers; but the latter, with all their astuteness, forgot to examine and edit the Baboos' letters and Reports to their friends in India. These friends send the outpourings of the ingenuous youths to the local press; and so it comes to pass that we get a good view of how it was all

done, in the columns of the *Indian Mirror*, the *Bombay Gazette*, the *Indian Spectator*, and other Indian journals.

For instance, one of the mysteries of the Baboos' crusade was connected with their campaign at Birmingham, where they supported the tottering fortunes of Mr. Bright against Lord Randolph Churchill. It will be remembered that they were very indignant at some subsequent remarks of Lord Randolph in regard to this visit; and they wrote to the *Times* to say that "his lordship was quite mistaken in supposing that we had come to Birmingham at the request or suggestion of any one belonging to the Radical or Liberal party; we wish it to be distinctly known that we came here on Saturday entirely of our own accord." This letter was dated Birmingham, November 23. Now in the *Calcutta Indian Mirror* of November 6 appears a long letter from Mr. Chandavarkar, "the Bombay delegate," and a very elaborate verbatim report of the initial meeting of the promoters of the campaign, held at the National Liberal Club on October 5, for the purpose of discussing organization. This report and the letter are full of instruction as to the personnel of the wire-pullers of the "delegacy" and its methods, and is much more pleasing about the Birmingham visit than the *Times* letter of the delegates. It states that Dr. G. B. Clark (now member for Caithness) said he "felt sure that Mr. Schnadhorst would be able to arrange a meeting at Birmingham." And Mr. Chandavarkar, in his letter, states that two days after this conference they actually met Mr. Schnadhorst—whom he describes as "the gentleman who gets up Liberal meetings"—at the National Liberal Club; and he adds that "he has promised to help us in appearing before the public at Birmingham!"

From this report of the *Indian Mirror* it might seem that the "boss of the show" was Mr. Digby, the paid secretary of the National Liberal Club. In his hands, it was stated, were the sinews of war; and when the Calcutta "delegate" was asked by the Chairman what his instructions were, he prudently replied that "he thought Mr. Digby had the most information on the subject." And a paragraph in the Calcutta *Hindu Patriot* of November 9 seems to throw some light on the early connexion of the Secretary of the National Liberal Club with this delightfully spontaneous movement of our poor oppressed fellow-subjects in India. The *Patriot* says:—"Three months ago Mr. Digby issued, but not published, a lithographed circular inviting subscriptions from well-to-do people in India to defray the expense of his candidature for a seat in the British House of Commons to advocate the interests of the Indians. Some people in Madras and Bombay subscribed towards the defrayal of Mr. Digby's election charges. The Bombay Presidency Association adopted a formal resolution to support the candidature of Mr. Digby, and instructed its delegates to do all they can for him. The zemindars of Bengal and the talookdars of Oudh declined to pay anything in support of Mr. Digby's candidature. Mr. Digby exults, saying that now that the zemindars have been whipped with a whip, the talookdars of Oudh should be whipped with scorpions." And this is how the Secretary of the National Liberal Club, as reported in the *Indian Mirror* of November 6, describes his connexion with the movement to his colleagues at the initial conference:—"He (Mr. Digby) should be happy to explain how it was that they were there that afternoon. About four months ago he wrote to a friend in Bombay, and made certain suggestions as to work that might and should be done, in view of the General Election, in the interest of India, such as the distribution of leaflets, &c. About two months since he had heard from Bombay, and then learned that the whole question had been seriously considered, and it had been finally decided to adopt his suggestion, and for that purpose a certain sum of money had been placed in his hands." And Mr. Digby being thus constituted the paymaster of the whole concern, the reverence felt for him by the delegates is unbounded. Mr. Chandavarkar writes:—"Organized work here is necessary, and I think you could not get better men to do it than Mr. Digby and Mr. Wood, and whom the more I see the more I am gratified with their active exertion in the interests of India." Mr. Chandavarkar, however, left for Bombay as soon as the results of the elections were known; and now, the *Bombay Indian Spectator*, in its latest number, says:—"We were not quite sure at any time of Messrs. Digby and Seymour Keay; they belong to a class of politicians whom British electors are ill prepared to appreciate."

But during the actual campaign of the Baboos they over and over again state in their letters that they think it best to follow implicitly the advice of the Secretary of the National Liberal Club, and it really is most interesting to compare Sir Charles Dille's very robust declaration of the non-party character of the work of the delegates with the words of the secretary, as reported in the *Indian Mirror*, at the initial conference. He stated plainly that "it would be utterly impossible for their work to be carried out on non-party lines." Again, in a later speech on the same occasion he said, "They could not do better than to go on party lines; they were all Liberals there, and it was as well to look things squarely in the face"—after which nothing more was said on that point.

Mr. Chandavarkar and Mr. Mudliar—that is the odd spelling of the name of the Madras "delegate" in the *Indian Mirror* of November 6—give an enticing account in some of their letters of their own and Mr. Digby's opinions about some well-known men. A report of a conversation with Mr. Digby shows that Mr. Bright is regarded as something very like an extinct volcano; while Mr. Digby informs his allies that he has written to Mr. John Morley to point out the impropriety of the attitude assumed by the member for Newcastle towards the proposals for an Indian Commission of Inquiry. Mr. Chandavarkar gives an

amusing account of an interview he had with Professor Thorold Rogers in Mr. Digby's rooms, and concludes thus:—"He is a man, I am told, of large sympathies, though at times of queer ideas, but still, as far as India is concerned, he seems to know little about it."

Altogether, there is a great deal to interest and amuse the curious reader in these epistles. The Baboos describe with pleasing simplicity the preparations made for their meetings. They dwell at great length on the anxiety and heart-searching with which they attended a meeting of Mr. Blant, the Conservative candidate for Camberwell, because (as Mr. Mudliar puts it) "several Radical members are afraid that the Radical party and the Radical papers will withhold from us all further support if we support the candidature of any Conservative candidate." Mr. Chandavarkar gives an amusing description of the sensations of an orator who is howled at to "Go on!" by a British audience when he has nothing left to say. Elsewhere he points out that "People will not take us unless we act on party lines"; and complains "You want us to be moderate, and we have been so, but people here say, 'Why don't you speak out?' We might make many other quotations, but will conclude by saying that a search for these gems in the recent files of the *Indian Mirror* will be well repaid."

THE OLD MASTERS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

BUT for the fifty-four water-colour drawings by Turner, which are exhibited in the new room, there would be very little worth noticing in this winter's exhibition. The Turners—all, of course, pure landscape, and of moderate, and in some cases minute, dimensions—are not pictures of a class which lends itself to description. They must be seen, and seen on a clear, bright, but, if possible, not a sunny day; and to find such a day, or even such an hour, at this time of year will require constant vigilance. Meanwhile, little beyond a mere list is possible. The extreme delicacy of these water-colours, and their tendency to fade when exposed to strong light, is well known; but the owners of some of the present collection, who have hitherto wisely kept their treasures in portfolios, need be under little apprehension of injury in the dim twilight of a London January. The eight drawings which formerly belonged to Sir Walter Scott are lent by Mr. Brocklebank, and are together in an oak frame made from wood felled at Abbotsford while Turner was there in 1818. They are all views in Scotland, and are in very brilliant condition, having been kept covered with a blind or small curtain now removed. Two large Alpine landscapes, "The Falls of the Reichenbach" (34) and "The Devil's Bridge" (36), are lent, with several more, by Mr. Ayscough Fawkes, and belong to Turner's best period. To some people, it may be, the scenery of the Alps, however grand in nature, is not so suitable to the art of a painter of Turner's powers as the pastoral landscape of which English park scenery is the most familiar example. In Mr. Ruskin's "Farnley Avenue" (39) and "Farnley Hall" (31), in Sir A. A. Hood's "Vale of Ashburnham" (40), in Mr. Leech's "Virginia Water" (21), but especially, and not to enumerate every such work, in the celebrated "Crook of Lune" (14), a grand Yorkshire dale, lent by Mr. McGregor, we see Turner at his best. In fact, this last-named picture—were it not that the same artist painted other things as good—might be described as the head and culmination of English water-colour landscape. The large "Lake and Town of Geneva" (12), painted in 1810, is lent by Mr. Ruskin, and leads to the oft-repeated observation that Turner's landscapes alone could survive the introduction of one of Turner's figure foregrounds. Mr. Taylor's contributions to the Exhibition are all remarkable for the freshness they have preserved. "A Lonely Dell" (7), a view on the banks of the Wharfe, though not the largest, is perhaps the most attractive, of Mr. Taylor's five pictures. The period of Turner's work exhibited this year is, generally speaking, that from the beginning of the century to 1840; and it is hoped that the Academy will be able in future years to continue the series so as to illustrate the whole of the artist's career.

The first room contains some examples of the work of one of the contemporaries of Gainsborough and Reynolds, Joseph Wright, of Derby. They are chiefly interesting as showing how far superior were the two first-named to the other artists of their day. A charming, but very slight, picture of the artist's daughters, two children pursuing a butterfly (48), lent by Mr. Henry Vaughan, and the portrait of "Miss Rowley, afterwards Lady Cotton" (47), which hangs immediately under it, are the chief representatives of Gainsborough's amazing powers, and are in the first room. Close to them is a very rich, wooded landscape, said to be by Reynolds, and certainly superior to the "Richmond" in the Grosvenor exhibition of Sir Joshua's works. Mr. Knowles, to whom it belongs, does not offer any pedigree, or even any local name. It is simply catalogued as a "Landscape" (42). With the exception of a portrait of "Nelly O'Brien" (19) in this room, the best Reynoldses this year are in the great gallery, where they have to compete with a noble Vandyck, "The Duchess of Arenberg and Child" (148), and, it must be confessed, suffer somewhat by the contrast. They comprise "Lady Broughton" (149), lent by Lord Berwick, a fine full-length figure in a white dress; "Lady Harrington" (154) and "Lady Worsley" (157), lent by Lord Harewood; and "Lady Fife" (159), lent by Lord Fife, as well as some minor works. Of these the "Lady Worsley" is the least satisfactory, the crude red of the dress overpowering all

attempts at harmonious colouring. Reynolds may be studied in several other pictures; and this room also shows a portrait of Mrs. Sheridan (103), by Gainsborough, which we may mentally compare with the lovely "St. Cecilia" of Reynolds, lately exhibited, an undoubted likeness of the same lady. In the present example only the face is finished. The remaining pictures of the English school in this room do not call for particular remark; but they include a sea-piece by Turner (156)—very inferior in every way to his water colours in the other room—and "The Hay Wain," by Constable (153). Of the older works on the wall opposite and at the two ends of the great room very few strike the visitor as of superior quality. The number of doubtful and wrongly attributed pictures is unusually large. A "Venus and Adonis" (109) is attributed to Titian, but is not even so good as the copy in the National Gallery. It belongs to Lord Wemyss, who also lends a so-called Giorgione, "Holy Family" (115). A great deal better is the same owner's "St. Sebastian" (132), attributed, perhaps rightly, to Titian, whose signature and the date, 1522, are in the foreground. Another fine picture is "Palma's Daughter" (141), which we can well believe to be by Paris Bordone, though it does not resemble any of the heads usually known as those of Palma's daughters, and is evidently a less modest, though scarcely a less well painted, portrait of the same lady who figures in the splendid picture in Trafalgar Square. There are three fine Claudes (129, 133, and 145), of which the last is remarkable for its condition. A "Holy Family" (123), which is lent by Lord Monson, has long been known as the "Madonna del basso rilievo," and assigned to Lionardo; and, though it has sometimes been accepted as genuine, it is not entitled to the extravagant praise it has received. The faces of the children closely resemble those of the Suffolk Lionardo, but the Madonna is wholly different; and the general treatment, the heavy shadows, and the colouring, certainly would not suggest the master to most minds. To call it the finest picture of the Italian school in England is to betray an unaccountable ignorance of some of the more recent acquisitions of the National Gallery. Still it should be studied, even if it is not greatly admired, and when the weather is clear enough to show its full perfection it may be classed higher. The Apsley House Velasquez, "The Water Seller" (119), as a painting, is a splendid example in perfect condition; considered as an ornamental object it is deficient in charm and wholly unattractive.

The fourth room, like the third, contains many pictures attributed, chiefly without any qualification, to great artists. "Henry VIII." (184) is, we read, by Holbein. The picture would be much more interesting if Holbein's name had not been mentioned. People who give fine names to inferior work really do it more harm than good. This is a curious and probably contemporary portrait, but it shows no trace of Holbein's hand. The same may be said of Mr. H. H. Gibbs's "Edward VI." (183), which is a good illustration of the above remarks, as it is not ascribed to any artist in particular, and, being considerably above the average of these early English pictures, it assumes its just place, unweighed by a name which would evidently not belong to it. The portrait of "Ferdinand I." (167), lent by Mr. T. H. Ward, is a little gem in its way, and is said in the catalogue to be by Barthel Beham. It might just as well be assigned to his brother Sebald, only that there is no signature; and, as Sebald Beham seldom omitted his monogram, while Barthel often did so, the probability is in favour of the catalogue. Beham engraved a portrait of this prince; but it differs in many respects from Mr. Ward's picture, though the features are the same. Close by hangs a charming little panel, showing two children, in an early Italian style, and lent by Colonel Sterling (173). It might better have been ascribed to Botticelli than the neighbouring copy of the Louvre "Mona Lisa" (187) to Lionardo, or a figure of "Temperance" (204) to Giorgione. The last two are equally genuine, which is not saying much. A wonderful little work, almost to be classed as an illumination from a manuscript, is Lord Heytesbury's Van Eyck, "St. Francis receiving the Stigmata" (198). It is an excellent example of the truth that bright colours will not ensure bright colouring; for it is chiefly in shades of blue and brown, and glows like a jewel. The two saints (197) immediately above are, no doubt rightly, assigned to Perugino. A beautiful Botticelli Madonna (191) is exhibited by Lord Wemyss, and is evidently quite as well preserved as the very similar picture in the Louvre. There is also a curious but injured Mantegna, "A Holy Family" (189). The ugliness of the figures is not relieved by the sombre colouring, and the many patches of re-painting have not been put in by a competent hand.

In the second room, as usual, there is a selection of representative specimens of the Dutch school, of which a De Hooghe (98), lent by Her Majesty from Buckingham Palace, a head by Nicholas Maas (70), lent by Mr. Ward, and two very clever but unpleasant scenes by Jan Steen (86, 90), are the most remarkable; but there are several pictures of minor interest by Ostade, Snyder, Paul Potter, Coques, and other painters whose names are familiar, none of them rising so much above the average of these exhibitions as to require separate notice.

THE REVENUE RETURNS.

THE Revenue Returns for the first nine months of the current financial year leave no room for doubt that the long depression in trade and agriculture has seriously lessened the consuming power of the people. Every item plainly indicative of the

condition of the country shows either an actual falling off in productiveness, or less productiveness in proportion to increased work. First in diminished productiveness stands the Excise. Year after year the Excise revenue has been diminishing, chiefly through the decrease in the yield of the drink duties. It appears to be certain that to a large extent this is due to the growth of more temperate habits—in itself a satisfactory state of things—but partly it may be due likewise to less means on the part of the people to indulge in luxuries. Whatever the cause, it is remarkable how the falling off goes on, and this year it is likely to be very serious indeed. For the nine months the falling off compared with the corresponding period of last year is as much as 905,000*l.*; for the last three months the falling off is only 255,000*l.*, which shows some diminution in the rate of decrease; but possibly this may prove to be only a temporary slackening. There is unfortunately no evidence of improvement in the condition of the working classes; and such being the case it would be rash perhaps to count upon any recovery during the quarter upon which we have now entered. The Customs duties likewise show a considerable falling off. For the last three months the decrease is as much as 251,000*l.*, while for the whole nine months it does not exceed 182,000*l.* Thus apparently the state of things is growing worse, the diminution being much more serious for the three months than for the whole nine months. In other words, an increase at the end of September has been converted into a decrease at the end of December. But the state of things is really not so bad as it looks. It will be in the recollection of our readers that in March of last year, when the preparations for a war with Russia necessitated a large increase of expenditure, there were rumours that Mr. Childers would propose additions both to the tea and the tobacco duties, and consequently there was a rush to clear both tea and tobacco through the Customs. This continued in the early part of April, with the result that the first quarter of the current financial year showed a considerable increase under the head of Customs. The anticipation of revenue thus caused, however, afterwards led to a falling off in the clearances, with the result that now there is a decrease in the receipts compared with the corresponding nine months of last year. But while this explanation shows that the consuming power of the people has not seriously diminished within the past three months, it does not alter the fact that, compared with last year, the consumption of dutiable articles is less in the nine months under review, and consequently that the consuming power of the people must likewise be less. The case of Stamps is scarcely more satisfactory. For the nine months they show a decrease of 215,000*l.*; but for the last three months the decrease is as much as 360,000*l.* Here, again, the increase at the end of September has been converted into a considerable decrease at the end of December. This is the more remarkable because an addition was made this year to the duty upon foreign Stock Exchange securities, which ought to have given an addition to the receipts from Stamps. The natural suggestion is that the falling off in the past three months is due to worse trade; but there is nothing to show that trade really grew worse within the last three months, while it is unquestionable that speculation on the Stock Exchange enormously increased. The dealing in Stock Exchange securities ought to have added to the Stamp duties, and it is probable, therefore, that the real cause is accidental. There may, for example, have been fewer deaths of very rich persons during the past three months than in the corresponding three months of the year before, or some other temporary cause may have led to a considerable falling off. In any case these three great items of Excise, Customs, and Stamps show for the nine months a decrease of as much as 1,302,000*l.* On the other hand, the Post Office, which likewise is indicative of the condition of the country, shows for the past three months an increase of 160,000*l.*, but for the whole nine months an increase of no more than 150,000*l.* There is here in the past three months some increase, which possibly may be attributable to the effects of the General Election. Land-tax for the nine months shows a falling off of 13,000*l.*; House-duty a falling off of 62,000*l.*; the Telegraph service a decrease of 10,000*l.*, and the Miscellaneous revenue a decrease of 137,000*l.* The Miscellaneous revenue is made up of so many items and is subject to so many accidents that it is in no way significant, and the falling off in the Telegraph service is probably due to the introduction of sixpenny telegrams. In the final result we have an aggregate decrease from the several items named of 1,524,913*l.*

On the other hand, Income-tax yields 635,000*l.* more than in the corresponding nine months of last year, due to the addition made to this tax and to the fact that the arrears this year were at a higher rate than last year. The Post Office, as already stated, yields 150,000*l.* more, and the interest on advances yields 274,346*l.* more. From those three items there is an aggregate increase of 1,059,346*l.*, showing a net falling off on the whole revenue for the nine months of 465,000*l.* It will be seen from the above that all the items indicative of the condition of the people show decreases, and that the Income-tax alone has prevented the falling off from being really serious. That the yield of the Income-tax continues so satisfactory is in itself, however, matter for congratulation, for it proves that, notwithstanding the long depression in trade and agriculture, there is no really serious diminution in the income of the country. It has been argued by some of our contemporaries that the Revenue Returns, taken as a whole, prove that the opinion so generally held by good observers that trade is already beginning to improve is ill founded. The Returns, as a matter of fact, prove nothing of the kind. It is notorious that trade improvement and trade depression do not for a considerable time tell upon the revenue. During bad times, for

example, workpeople are thrown out of employment or are put upon short time and wages are lowered. In consequence, large numbers of them get into debt; and, when times begin to improve, their first efforts are directed to paying off their debts and redeeming clothes and furniture that they have pawned. It is only when prosperity has lasted for a year or so that they are in a position to indulge themselves in many luxuries. On the other hand, it is not for some time after trade has been declining that wages are materially affected. The yield of the revenue, then, is no indication of the tendency of trade. But it does prove beyond all doubt that the long-continued depression has now reduced the spending power of the people very materially. So far as can be judged from the revival of speculation, from the more sanguine hopes entertained by people engaged in trade, and from the undoubted improvement that has taken place in the United States, some recovery in trade is to be looked for. But it is very unlikely that improvement will come soon enough to affect the revenue within the quarter we have now entered upon. We must, then, prepare ourselves for some disappointment at the close of the year. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach estimated the revenue at 90,790,000*l.*, and to the end of December there was got in 58,205,829*l.*, leaving still to be collected a little over 32½ millions. But during the three quarters now elapsed the average quarterly receipts have not quite amounted to 19½ millions. Consequently, if the estimates are realized, the three months on which we have now entered must exceed the average of the past three quarters by 13 millions. It is true that the last quarter of the financial year is always the most productive, mainly because in the last quarter the principal part of the Income-tax is got in; but it is doubtful whether the receipts of the quarter will exceed the average of the past three quarters by so much as 13 millions. The Chancellor of the Exchequer estimates the yield of the Income-tax at eightpence within the current year at 15,400,000*l.*, and up to the end of December there had been got in a little over 3½ millions. Consequently there still remained to be got in 11,645,000*l.* To realize the estimates, therefore, not only must the Income-tax yield the full amount of 15,400,000*l.*, but the yield of the other taxes must increase above the average of the past three quarters by nearly a million and a half. It is possible, of course, that this may be done. It is certain, indeed, that the great collecting departments will use every effort in their power to get in money. But it is for all that possible that their efforts may prove unavailing, and that the result of the year may disappoint the calculations of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. In that case the question will arise whether a permanent increase to the taxation ought not to be made.

It will be in the recollection of our readers that neither Mr. Childers nor Sir M. Hicks-Beach proposed to cover the whole expenditure of the year out of current revenue. Mr. Childers suspended the Sinking Fund, and thereby obtained a sum of 4,672,000*l.*, which was to be applied in paying off a portion of the expenditure, leaving 2,759,000*l.* entirely unprovided for. When the House of Commons rejected the proposal to increase the beer, spirit, and succession duties, the uncovered portion of the expenditure was necessarily increased. It is, of course, open to the Chancellor of the Exchequer next April to continue Mr. Childers's plan for another year, which will enable him to pay off the whole of the arrears from this year. But if any difficulties arise anywhere in the coming year the question will recur whether it is wise to leave the finances of the country in such a state that we must either suspend the Sinking Fund, or land ourselves in a deficit to meet the necessary outlay, or add still further to the Income-tax. Chronic deficits are so injurious to the credit of a State that they cannot be contemplated by any Government. And a great and rich country like England ought not to resort in every temporary difficulty to the suspension of a plan deliberately adopted for reducing its debt. The final question, then, comes to this, whether the necessary expenditure for the protection of the empire is to be defrayed by the propertied classes alone or by the whole population. It is unfortunate that the question was not boldly faced by the late Government when it arose last spring. It was all the more desirable to solve it then, because the new constituencies were about to be admitted to a share in the government of the country. But with the elections pending, the late Ministry shrank from adding to taxation that would affect the masses of the people. It appears now, however, as if the question whether a permanent addition to the taxation is or is not to be made will have to be fully discussed and deliberately decided.

NADJEZDA.

MR. BARRYMORE'S *Nadjezda* is the work of a clever but untutored young dramatist who has hampered himself at the outset with an impossible theme. The play is unconventional beyond the limits of what modern audiences regard as propriety. It deals in the most outspoken manner with subjects which are usually not spoken of at all, and of which it is doubtless better not to speak; but, leaving this question of morality aside, the author has made an irreparable error in writing for his principal actress a part which could not by any possibility find an adequate representative on the English-speaking stage. This is one of several grave mistakes; others arise from the fact that Mr. Barrymore has no sense of dramatic proportion. An actor, if he possess the dramatist's faculty, should produce plays of special excellence free from common faults, should understand from experience the

relative value of speech and action, should know the danger of disproportionate talk, the necessity for incident. But he is often prone to fall into a special blunder, to cram too much matter into each part in order to make it good as actors appear to consider goodness, and a sad want of symmetry is the result. *Nadjezda* is marked by far worse blunders than this. The author shows himself deficient alike in taste and tact; he is crude and clumsy as well as coarse. The play is a very bad one, although it might be possible to find some redeeming points.

The problem the author sets himself is a very difficult one, and he works it out with a curious alternation of dexterity and denseness. The Countess Nadjezda's Polish husband is in the power of the Russian Prince Zabouloff, who is omnipotent in Warsaw. The Prince has loved Nadjezda, loves her still in his fashion, and knowing that she will give more than life to save the Count, makes a dreadful bargain with her. If she will pass an hour with him, he will give her back her husband. She yields; and her first entrance on the scene is immediately after she has left Zabouloff. There is a tedious deception about the accomplishment of his promise. He sends back her husband, it is true, but with a bullet through his heart. There is some tragic power in the idea, old as it is; but Mr. Barrymore, having got a telling situation, mistakenly supposes that too much cannot possibly be made of it. Horace was beyond all doubt right in what he said about the relative effect of things presented *per aures* and *oculis fidelibus*; but Mr. Barrymore carries this suggestion to extremes. The bringing in of the hier with the dead body on it we hold to be a mistake; to let it remain on the stage for a quarter of an hour while Nadjezda proceeds with her "good part" is certainly wrong. The corpse loses its terror. To see it and to hear Nadjezda laughing hysterically and declaiming become tedious. Had the author possessed that sense of dramatic proportion the lack of which we have deplored, these horrors would have been hinted at instead of being worn threadbare. It is necessary, moreover, to cap this climax. Something must be done to increase the terror of the scene, and so Nadjezda's child Nadine is brought into the room, the mother puts her hand on the bleeding wound in her husband's body, smears the gore on the child's forehead, dedicates her to vengeance, and dies of poison which she has taken.

All this is much worse than unnecessary. Mr. Barrymore does not understand the power of imagination. We would have the scene shortened from the bringing in of the body. The horrible treachery of Zabouloff should be made plain as briefly as possible, and there the curtain should fall, leaving the incidents which are so pitilessly displayed to be afterwards narrated by one of the characters. It is always a bad thing to exhaust curiosity. If the curtain fell, as we would have it fall, there would be curiosity to learn what followed. This a narrator could satisfy, and we are sure that the recital would more forcibly impress the imagination than the actual portrayal of the deed. In some measure this would be an exception to a wholesome rule that in drama the spectator rather than the auditor must be considered; but the rule is proved by its exceptions, special cases demand special treatment, the realization of all this tragedy in the first of four acts can only wear out a spectator and weaken the effect of what is to come.

We do not propose to follow in detail the course of the play. The problem to which we have referred is to show how Nadine can avenge her father's and her mother's wrong. According to the idea of the dramatist, she must kill Zabouloff; but she is the heroine, and must on no account sacrifice sympathy and respect. Before this point is reached Mr. Barrymore has to invent and exhaust several episodes, and this he does with varying success. Nadine's guardian is a Nihilist, Khorvitch, a very ill-drawn character, for it long remains doubtful whether he is a thoroughgoing villain or a sincere patriot. She has also a lover, Paul Devereux, a young English gentleman, who wins from all worthy people esteem and regard. (In effect Devereux is not an Englishman, but the son of Zabouloff and Mme. Khorvitch—a detail, however, which is of no importance, for the plot that father should kill son or son kill father comes to nothing.) Paul is persuaded by Khorvitch to take the oath and join the Nihilists; and we have read comments on the asserted absurdity of believing that he would ever have done so; but we are not convinced that an open-hearted young fellow might not be persuaded to many apparent absurdities by the guardian of the girl he loves. It will be seen that we endeavour to hold the scales justly and to do Mr. Barrymore all possible credit; but we cannot forgive him the introduction of the dreadful American girl, Miss Eureka Grubb, whom he has let loose in the mistaken belief that she would lighten the play. Miss Eureka Grubb is by far the most depressing person in an exceedingly depressing drama. It has been urged that she is a lifelike representation of women who may be met in California, and she may be so; but such a creature as Miss Eureka Grubb would surely never be seen, even in California, in any resort where there was a vague probability of her being in the same room as a person who approached to the rank of a gentleman, much less of a lady. That a character is merely lifelike is no excuse for its representation on the stage if it is offensive. Lifelike aborigines of several savage countries might be brought forward, but they would not necessarily be acceptable or entertaining, and Miss Eureka Grubb is the reverse of both. One of her least faults is that she is utterly irrelevant, and irrelevance is a feature of the play. Nothing comes of a fight between Zabouloff and Devereux—*pire et fils*, though neither knows it; other incidents tend to the same result. There would, how-

ever, be tragic force in the last scene but for Mr. Barrymore's lamentable habit of overdoing everything. He has failed to perceive that parts may be made individually strong and collectively weak, especially as a certain confusion between length and strength leads him astray. Zabouloff, to come to the working out of the problem, has cast his lustful eyes on his victim's daughter, Nadine. He has bluntly demanded of her guardian, Khorvitch, that she may be sent to him; and, with wholly gratuitous brutality, he introduces her to the guests in a certain drawing-room as his mistress. She appears to acquiesce; and in the end, believing this to be the only way in which she can obtain for Paul release from his oath, she meets Zabouloff at his house. The task of vengeance which Nadjezda left to her child has now to be accomplished. The triumphant seducer and his victim sit at supper; to open a bottle of champagne he takes down a dagger from a trophy on the wall; and, in answer to the inquiries of the girl, who is struck by the crest and motto on the handle, Zabouloff in light-hearted fashion relates the story of her mother's dishonour. This is undoubtedly a powerful incident. We are putting aside the question of stage morality and taking the broader point of view, and judged by this the episode has genuine tragic force. Nadjezda died believing that her curse would be fulfilled, that Nadine would be a Nemesis in the path of Zabouloff, and that at last the vengeance would be accomplished. Now the moment has arrived. Nadine strikes him with her mother's dagger, and with an unnatural cry that his fate is only "poetic justice" Zabouloff falls dead. Less than half a dozen sentences might end the play; but Mr. Barrymore has supposed that he could make still better the parts of Nadine and Devereux; so while Zabouloff lies lifeless, hidden by a sofa, as in *Maison Neuve*—except that in one case there is a dead body, in the other a drugged lover—Paul and Nadine do much unnecessary summing-up before the girl caps the tragedy by dying of the poison she has taken.

The heroine's character, or rather the character of the two heroines of prologue and of play, are almost entirely devoid of repose, maintained, indeed, at the highest pressure from first to last. One quiet love scene with Paul Nadine has; but this episode is interrupted, and before the end of the act in which it occurs Nadine is once more in the throes of tragedy; for she learns that her lover has joined the band whose fate she knows so well. The new actress, Miss Emily Rigl, greatly impressed her audience in the prologue, but her whole method had been disclosed before the play proper began; it was found that her resources were not extensive, and the horrors palled instead of appalling. What actress could poison herself and die twice in the course of a single drama in such a manner as to thrill spectators? Miss Rigl shows considerable skill in the display of deep emotion, but she has not the power and variety which are demanded for the realization of this most complex character. An outraged mother, a bereaved wife, a proud girl forced to stoop to tasks she loathes and despises, a lover, the pretended prey of a man she hates, the avenger of a deed of blood—these are only some of the aspects in which Nadjezda and Nadine are revealed. Mme. Bernhardt likes dying on the stage, and here are two deaths. Decidedly the part should be submitted to her, for she alone among modern actresses could hope to sway audiences by it. Mr. Barrymore represents his own hero, Paul Devereux, with a boyish earnestness which is very much to the purpose, and Mr. Beerholm Tree extracts great credit from a very unpromising source. His Zabouloff is altogether admirable. The veneer of extreme courtesy is there, but beneath it is to be traced distinctly the true nature of the man, utterly selfish to the tips of the nails which he so scrupulously polishes, delighting in evil, not precisely for the sake of evil, but because cruelty gratifies his cold-blooded cynicism. All this is of course built up by numberless careful touches. Thus to give vivid life to a conception, to make plain a man's whole character, so that we can feel what he would do in any crisis, is one of the highest achievements of the actor's art. Careful work is also done by Miss Lydia Foote and Mr. Pateman. The author's undisciplined force is, however, constantly running riot. The whole piece is curiously unequal. There are some excellent passages in the dialogue, and there is much that is tawdry and strained. *Nadjezda* is a grave mistake; but it is the mistake of a man who may be able to redeem it.

REVIEWS.

SOME BOOKS ON SHAKESPEARE.*

THE late Mr. Grant White had his faults, the chief of them being, as readers of the *Saturday Review* are aware, a fond

* *Studies in Shakespeare.* By R. Grant White. London: Sampson Low & Co.

Papers of the New York Shakespeare Society—1. Ecclesiastical Law in Hamlet. By R. Guernsey. 2. *Venus and Adonis.* A Study in Warwickshire Dialect. By Appleton Morgan. New York: Brentano.

Shakespeare's Tragedy of Hamlet. Edited by H. B. Sprague. Chicago: Winchell.

Shakespeare-Untersuchungen und Studien. Von Dr. C. C. Hense. Halle: Buchhandlung des Waisenhauses. London: Nutt.

Vorlesungen über Shakespeare's Macbeth. Von K. Werder. Berlin: Herz. London: Williams & Norgate.

The Shakespearean Myth. By Appleton Morgan. Second edition. Cincinnati: Clarke.

Shakespeare. By Mrs. Caroline Healey Dall. Boston: Roberts.

belief that he knew all about England and the English people of the present day, which he most certainly did not. But he had no inconsiderable merits to redeem this amiable infirmity, and the chief of those merits was a fervent and, what is more, a frequently very sensible, devotion to Shakespeare. It is true that even here the Grant-Whitishness of Mr. Grant White not unfrequently displayed itself. In this very volume he talks the most admirable wisdom about the futility of Shakespearian commentators, and then goes and is (occasionally at least) as futile as any of them himself. He seems also to have been perfectly haunted by the idea that wicked men in Cambridge, England, and elsewhere were constantly plagiarizing the words of wisdom anent the immortal bard which he, Mr. Grant White, had let drop years before. But his love for Shakespeare was deep, fervent, and lifelong, and it was to a great extent, if not always, a love which was according to knowledge. As might be expected, his general remarks are better than his particular. The opening essay of this book, in which he enforces vigorously and with plenty of illustration and detail the old and excellent advice of Dr. Johnson that, if a man wants to read Shakespeare, he should read Shakespeare and not what other people have to say about him, is by far the best. We do not, we confess, care greatly for the "narrative analyses" which follow. When people do these things they always, consciously or unconsciously, imitate Lamb, who is simply not imitable. Moreover, Mr. Grant White committed the error—a very serious one, as it seems to us—of not confining himself to the facts as set forth in the plays, and of adding from the presumed "sources" from commentatorial interpretations, and sometimes even from his own fancy. This division is followed by some papers rather on acting than on the plays, the chief of which is a survey of the stage Rosalinda whom the writer had seen, and an interesting paper on the acting of Iago. Mr. White had, it would seem, seen Mr. Booth, but not Mr. Irving, in that difficult part; and not a few of his objections have been, as it happens, anticipated or met by Mr. Irving's reading. Lastly, there comes a very elaborate and, we are bound to say, a very damaging pulling to pieces of Dr. Schmidt's *Shakespeare Lexicon*. It was one of Mr. White's favourite tasks, and one which he performed with not less success than zest, to batter the pretensions of German commentators on Shakespeare. And he has most certainly in this instance, as we have ourselves in others, shown that an ounce of English mother-wit—of the inherited and almost instinctive knowledge of the language and its ways which no one but a man of English blood can have—is worth a pound or, for the matter of that, a ton, of the most laborious clergy which German industry can amass. We have omitted, but perhaps should refer back to, a good smashing essay on the Shakespeare-Bacon absurdity.

New York (contrary to the advice of Mr. Grant White, by the way, who remarks that, with rare exceptions, "Shakespeare Clubs are vanity") has set up a Shakespeare Society, and the first fruits thereof, in the shape of monographs by the president and vice-president, are before us. They are comely little books, rather suggestive of Mr. Arber's reprints in their dark brown and gold paper covers, but squarer in shape, and with the hideous American shaved edges—a fashion which, by the way, Mr. Arber used also to adopt, but which he has happily given up. The contents of the two numbers are rather different, but perhaps exhibit equally well the weakness of these Societies. Mr. Guernsey claims the honour of being the first discoverer of the fact that in *Hamlet* can be found "allusions and statements showing the most thorough and complete knowledge of the canon and statute law relating to the burial of suicides that has ever been written." We do not quite know how you write a knowledge, and we should be very sorry to say that any one had been the first to discover any mare's-nest in *Hamlet*. Putting Mr. Guernsey's large claim aside, and noting only that his essay is full of English as odd as "the most thorough knowledge ever written," we may give him the praise of having given a full and instructive account of his subject. Mr. Morgan's (of whom more presently) is a much more dubious piece of work. It consists of an elaborate tabular exhibition of Warwickshire dialect, followed by a short essay carefully avoiding any conclusion, but dwelling on the point that this dialect is singularly absent in *Venus and Adonis*. The apparent argument would not be conclusive even if the facts were correct; for *Venus and Adonis*, as every student of Elizabethan literature ought to know, is what may be called a "school-poem," written in accordance with a prevailing fashion and in a somewhat artificial (that is, artificial for Shakespeare) vocabulary. But unluckily Mr. Morgan, a foreigner, and misled by his authorities, has taken a vast number of words as specially Warwickshire which are not specially Warwickshire at all. Thus his very premisses are untenable.

Dr. Sprague's *Hamlet* is a careful and useful school edition of the play, neatly printed and containing a good and, for the space, abundant selection of notes. Instead of introductory essays, the editor (perhaps out of modesty) gives an odd cento of critical opinions on *Hamlet* from Dick, Tom, and Harry at the beginning, and an odd one in reference to the study of English literature generally at the end. From the first we learn that Professor March of Lafayette College thought that there is "a general atmosphere of lechery" in *Hamlet*, which would seem to show that Professor March of Lafayette College had, in the less offensive Malapropian sense of the good woman in *Sir Martin Mar-all*, "fallen into a lechery" himself.

Dr. Hense's volume is a solid and handsome book of between six and seven hundred pages, giving (unfortunately for persons with weak eyes, not in Roman type) nine essays of merit on our poet.

The first three, the longest and decidedly the best essays, which by themselves fill half the book, stick to the solid ground of literary history, and deal, the first with the relations of Shakspeare and Lyly, the second with some illustrations of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, the third with the relations and indebtedness of German poets to Shakspeare. The remainder are devoted to the better known, more usual, and very much less admirable attempts of German criticism to discuss *Shakspeare's Naturanschauungen, Gewissen und Schicksal in Shakspeare*, and so forth. The whole, however, is more or less of a sound and profitable character.

Something the same may be said of Herr Werder's lectures on *Macbeth*, though there will probably always be readers to whom this kind of exhibition of beauties with a long pole and a careful boniment is less instructive than distasteful.

The points of puzzlement in Mr. Appleton Morgan's treatment of *Venus and Adonis* mentioned above are to some extent explained by his *Shakspearean Myth*, which seems to have got into its second edition. The book, which is elaborate and long, is on a sober and matter-of-fact reading so exceedingly silly that we can only suppose it to be in some degree connected with "the great American joke." It is well known that, if an Englishman could understand that joke, all pleasure—American pleasure—in it would be at once lost. The enraged New Englander would say, as Mr. Browning would have said if the other man had had the wit to admire sufficiently the portrait which he thought like Miss Jane Lamb—

'Tis only a duplicate,

A thing of no value; take it, I supplicate.

Mr. Morgan's ostensible purpose is to prove, not that Bacon wrote Shakspeare, or that Southampton wrote him, or anything of that kind, but that "funny Mr. Shakspeare" served as mouthpiece and editor to a number of anonymous playwrights whose work he copied, made theatrically practicable, and so forth. The argument, so far as there is any, is that the learning, wit, poetry, and so forth, to be found between the covers of Shakspeare's works were not only too great for the man Shakspeare, as far as anything positive is recorded of him, but too great for any man. The book is bolstered out with repetitions of all the old (and false) stories about the want of appreciation shown by Shakspeare's contemporaries and successors. Now it is, perhaps, doing this kind of folly too much honour to treat it seriously, even if it were not, as we have hinted, strongly to be suspected that Mr. Appleton Morgan has only perpetrated one of those elaborate and long-winded jests which English taste is too dull or too depraved to enjoy. But, as there seems to be no folly too great to enlist a certain number of adherents when it has been once published about Shakspeare, we may as well demolish Mr. Appleton Morgan once for all in a few lines. Supposing the "editor" theory of Shakspeare true, he must have edited the works of one man or of more than one. If it was one man only, it must have been either a known man (and the claims of every known man have been examined only to be condemned by all competent judges) or an unknown one. If more than one, we have further to consider the curious point that not one but almost all the plays usually attributed to Shakspeare contain those unapproachable touches which are at once discerned to be neither Jonson's, nor Bacon's, nor Raleigh's, nor any one else's. Therefore, in order to get rid of the idea that the owner of this sovereign and superhuman genius (as Mr. Morgan holds it to be) was one particular man, we are to adopt the theory that it was another or several others. Because it is unbelievable that A should in the days of Eliza and our James have been so abnormally gifted, we are to suppose that not indeed A, but B, C, D, and a dozen more were endowed with the very same gifts. We get rid of the difficulty by simply changing the names, and having decided that Shakspearism (if we may use the word) is a quality too great to have resided in Shakspeare, we decide further that it resided in somebody else or in several somebody else. We pronounce that the actual Shakspeare (of whom we know so little that the highest genius as well as the completest absence of genius is consistent with our knowledge) could not have written Shakspeare's works, and, therefore, that Shakspeare's works must have been written by some one of whom we know less—i.e. nothing at all. If this is not the *lues commentatoria* pushed, not to the verge, but well over the verge of madness, we are no two-legged critics. Shakspeare is superhuman; therefore, he must have been some other human than Shakspeare.

Mrs. Caroline Healey Dall is not so silly, or, on the other hypothesis, so elaborately and unseasonably jestive, as Mr. Appleton Morgan (as to whom, by the way, we should perhaps add that his English and his incidental displays of literary knowledge and taste are fully on a par with his logic). She takes her Shakspeare very seriously indeed, is grieved because people do not attach sufficient importance to his coat of arms, thinks (excellent soul!) that, "though the pictures of *Venus and Adonis* are sensuous, they are painted by a chaste spirit," tells us who brought mulberries into England *à propos* of the famous tree, and, in short, gathers up and recounts all the scanty facts or quasi-facts which have been accumulated round the subject with a most grave, painful, and really touching seriousness and affection. Also, she writes very fairly, while the President of the New York Shakspeare Society has a style which can by no means be commended.

STEVENSON'S NEW STORY.*

MR. STEVENSON'S *Prince Otto* was, no doubt, somewhat disappointing to many of his readers. They will be hard to please if they are disappointed in his *Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. To adopt a recent definition of some of Mr. Stevenson's tales, this little shilling work is like "Poe with the addition of a moral sense." Or perhaps to say that would be to ignore the fact that Poe was extremely fond of one kind of moral, of allegories in which embodied Conscience plays its part with terrible efficacy. The tale of *William Wilson*, and perhaps that of the *Tell-Tale Heart*, are examples of Poe in this humour. Now Mr. Stevenson's narrative is not, of course, absolutely original in idea. Probably we shall never see a story that in germ is absolutely original. The very rare possible germinal conceptions of romance appear to have been picked up and appropriated by the very earliest masters of fiction. But the possible combinations and possible methods of treatment are infinite, and all depends on how the ideas are treated and combined.

Mr. Stevenson's idea, his secret (but a very open secret) is that of the double personality in every man. The mere conception is familiar enough. Poe used it in *William Wilson*, and Gautier in *Le Chevalier Double*. Yet Mr. Stevenson's originality of treatment remains none the less striking and astonishing. The double personality does not in his romance take the form of a personified conscience, the *doppelgänger* of the sinner, a "double" like his own double which Goethe is fabled to have seen. No; the "separable self" in this "strange case" is all unlike that in *William Wilson*, and, with its unlikeness to its master, with its hideous caprices, and appalling vitality, and terrible power of growth and increase, is, to our thinking, a notion as novel as it is terrific. We would welcome a spectre, a ghoul, or even a vampire gladly, rather than meet Mr. Edward Hyde. Without telling the whole story, and to some extent spoiling the effect, we cannot explain the exact nature of the relations between Jekyll and Hyde, nor reveal the mode (itself, we think, original, though it depends on resources of pseudo-science) in which they were developed. Let it suffice to say that Jekyll's emotions when, as he sits wearily in the park, he finds that his hand is not his own hand, but another's; and that other moment when Utterson, the lawyer, is brought to Jekyll's door, and learns that his locked room is haunted by somewhat which moans and weeps; and, again, the process beheld by Dr. Lanyon, are all of them as terrible as anything ever dreamed of by Poe. They lack, too, that quality of merely earthly horror or of physical corruption and decay which Poe was apt to introduce so frequently and with such unpleasant and unholy enjoyment.

It is a proof of Mr. Stevenson's skill that he has chosen the scene for his wild "Tragedy of a Body and a Soul," as it might have been called, in the most ordinary and respectable quarters of London. His heroes (surely this is original) are all successful middle-aged professional men. No woman appears in the tale (as in *Treasure Island*), and we incline to think that Mr. Stevenson always does himself most justice in novels without a heroine. It may be regarded by some critics as a drawback to the tale that it inevitably disengages a powerful lesson in conduct. It is not a moral allegory, of course; but you cannot help reading the moral into it, and recognizing that, just as every one of us, according to Mr. Stevenson, travels through life with a donkey (as he himself did in the Cévennes), so every Jekyll among us is haunted by his own Hyde. But it would be most unfair to insist on this, as there is nothing a novel-reader hates more than to be done good to unawares. Nor has Mr. Stevenson, obviously, any didactic purpose. The moral of the tale is its natural soul, and no more separable from it than, in ordinary life, Hyde is separable from Jekyll.

While one is thrilled and possessed by the horror of the central fancy, one may fail, at first reading, to recognize the delicate and restrained skill of the treatment of accessories, details, and character. Mr. Utterson, for example, Jekyll's friend, is an admirable portrait, and might occupy a place unchallenged among pictures by the best masters of sober fiction.

At friendly meetings, and when the wine was to his taste, something eminently human beamed from his eye; something indeed which never found its way into his talk; but which spoke not only in these silent symbols of the after-dinner face, but more often and loudly in the acts of his life. He was austere with himself, but tolerant to others, sometimes wondering, almost with envy, at the high pressure of spirits involved in their misdoings.

It is fair to add that, while the style of the new romance is usually as plain as any style so full of compressed thought and incident can be, there is at least one passage in the threshold of the book (pp. 3, 4) where Mr. Stevenson yields to his old Tempter, "preciousness." Nay, we cannot restrain the fancy that, if the good and less good of Mr. Stevenson's literary personality could be divided, like Dr. Jekyll's moral and physical personality, his literary Mr. Hyde would greatly resemble—the reader may fill in the blank at his own will. The idea is capable of development. Perhaps Canon McColl is Mr. Gladstone's Edward Hyde, a solution of historical problems which may be applauded by future generations. This is wandering from the topic in hand. It is pleasant to acknowledge that the half-page of "preciousness" stands almost alone in this excellent and horrific and captivating romance, where Mr. Stevenson gives us of his very best and increases that debt of gratitude which we all owe him for so many and such rare pleasures.

* *Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. By R. L. Stevenson. London: Longmans. 1886.

There should be a limited edition of the *Strange Case on Large Paper*. It looks lost in a shilling edition—the only “bob’sworth,” as the cabman said when he took up Mr. Pickwick, which has real permanent literary merit.

LOWE'S PRINCE BISMARCK.*

MR. LOWE, even in the opening lines of his preface, shows himself strangely indifferent to the common use of words. He calls his book “a complete historical sketch of the career” of Prince Bismarck, and “a connected and elaborate account of his whole career.” Elsewhere we come across headings that not many years ago would have been found only in the advertisements of a strolling theatre or of the penny novelist; such as “Spirits and Spinoza”; “He must Marry”; “A Prussian Bucephalus—the constitutional Delilah and the monarchical Samson”; “The Genius of the Past and the Man of the Future”; “The Giant Brothers try to, but cannot, agree”; “The Prussian Eagle and the German Hawks”; “The Gaul in the garb of a beggar, with the eye of a robber”; “Bismarck’s ecstatic Sword-flourish”; “A Coroner’s Inquest on a Murdered Treaty”; “Russia? Ha, ha! where is your boasted Triple Alliance?” This table is so far praiseworthy that it affords an honest sample of the two volumes. We turn over a couple of pages, and, on the third, thus enters Mr. Lowe’s hero with a strut:—

The Emperor William was then a delicate stripling of eighteen who, not long returned in triumph to Berlin from capitulating Paris, was busy conning his catechism for confirmation; while in the Tuileries Napoleon, escaped from Elba, and again surrounded by his adoring generals, was exerting himself like a giant to organise a force capable of crushing United Europe. Little, certainly, did the Satanic Corsican then think that far away in an obscure northern hamlet a man-child had on that 1st of April been born, endowed with the power of building up again what he had cast down, and of shivering his upstart dynasty to atoms.

Such bouncing writing as this called to our mind a sentence in which Johnson’s friend, Tom Davies, “the author generated by the corruption of a bookseller,” described an actor as one “who was able to lend a distinguished glare to tyrannic rage.” Mr. Lowe, indeed, lends “a distinguished glare” to everything. We go on and find “the Satanic Corsican” next spoken of as “the Corsican robber” and his times as “cataclysmic.” The King of Prussia is attended by paladins, and also, we regret to say, by very bad grammar. “King William,” we read, “with his paladins were (sic) the observed of all observers.” A dog dressed in woman’s clothes becomes “an anthropomorphic dog.” France in one sentence is a highway robber, and in the next is a midnight thief seeking burglarious entry. “To the posterity of a hundred years hence,” we are told, “Martin Luther and Prince Bismarck will undoubtedly be regarded as the Castor and Pollux of German history.” Why cannot Mr. Lowe leave our great-grandchildren to their own peculiar nonsense? Every generation surely has the right to be silly in its own way and after its own heart, and is not to have its pattern thus cut out for it so long before. Why in the year of grace 1985 is every one to be saying that Luther and Bismarck were Castor and Pollux, and every one to be asking, “But which was Castor and which Pollux?” But even now we may well ask “Why Castor and Pollux? thy exquisite reason, dear author?” The only exquisite reason that can be given is that “he utters state by great swarths.” Sometimes he fails in his flight. To call Bismarck “a phenomenal statesman” is all very well, but then a phenomenal statesman’s father, even though unphenomenal himself, should have been something more than merely his “paternal parent.” “Stupendous events” sounds well in the ear, but why is “significant” added? “Stupendous and significant events” is surely the very depth of bathos. It is only paralleled by the hymn which describes the Day of Judgment as “that important day.” Mr. Lowe has that well-known mark of a bad writer that he takes great delight in vilely mixed metaphors. We read that “Napoleon must again eat his own words,” and then in the same sentence, nay, in the next two lines, we find this word-eating Napoleon “a Gallic shark that would not snap at the bait thrown out to it.” In one line “much minatory ink is spilt,” and in the very next “oil is thrown on the troubled waters.” In the following paragraph our author outdoes even himself:—

In the troubled reactionary period which followed, the crumpled bud of nationality, so to speak, lay prostrate under snow, and it was saved from premature death only by the furtive gardening care of patriotic deputies in the various Chambers recently created throughout Germany, which acted like so many arks of free-speech in a deluge of despotism.

As wonderful as patriotic were the deputies who, floating in their arks over the waters of a deluge, furtively gardened in the snow and saved a crumpled bud. When we remember how well this book was spoken of in the columns of the *Times* we may well exclaim:—

For works like these let deathless journals tell;
None but thyself can be thy parallel.

We have given one instance where our author drops from the sublime to the ridiculous, from “stupendous” to “significant.” He outdoes himself in another passage, where he first tells how “Pariswards, through the shining valleys, and the bending vineyards, and the summer-robed bowers of lovely France, wended the Chancellor, with measured steps and steady”; and then continues,

within ten lines, “Sometimes the Chancellor rode, sometimes he drove, and sometimes he used his legs.” Beyond this it is scarcely within the limited powers of man to go. Yet we must confess that Mr. Lowe scarcely falls short of it when he describes “the Prussian eagle hovering over Germany with its back to the Baltic,” and saying, “Look here, you ravenous and unreliable hawks.” If the bird was hovering, how, oh! how, had it its back anywhere but to the sky? Even if it could hover with its back downwards, why could it not speak good English? It might surely, even in that painful position, have managed to call the hawks, not unreliable, but untrustworthy. The vegetable world has as many liberties taken with it as the animal world, as indeed we have already shown in the case of the crumpled bud. Later on we come upon robust seeds of insurrection kept from budding into luxuriant rebellion. When seeds, whether robust or not, are made to bud, it is almost a feeling of relief to find them in the very next sentence changed into a Red Spectre whose march was prevented by a military cordon. In an agricultural point of view, we are surprised to find “disbanded warriors casting aside the plough, and rushing to their standards” on the 15th of July. To cast aside the plough on any day requires surely an unusual amount of strength, but why in Germany were they ploughing in the middle of summer? “The deep darkness of a summer night” has a pretty sound of its own; but when we see that it is of a June night in Denmark that Mr. Lowe is writing, we are forced to allow with a sigh that once more he has nature against him. If he must think of sound and sound alone, he is far safer in keeping to such a phrase as “the polyethnic conglomeration of conflicting races.” To discover here the “damnable iteration” requires some little knowledge of the derivation of words. There is something unusual, if not actually pretty, in “the music of the acclamations of an adulating human sea that surged” to the Minister’s residence. As a mere phrase “to generalize the genesis of the contents of the Treaties of Union” is not easily surpassed either in its importance or its absurdity. But for real “high heroic fustian,” we do not believe that the following passage can be matched:—

Over the picturesque hills of Saxony, over the Giant Mountains into the fertile plains of Bohemia swiftly sped the three superbly-organised armies like huge and shining serpents; and ever nearer did they converge on the point which, with mathematical accuracy, had been selected as the place where they would have to coil and deliver their fatal sting of fire. Hard did the Austrians try to block the path of the triune hosts and crush them in detail; but the terribly destructive needle-gun, with the forceful lance of the lunging ulman and the circling sabre of the ponderous cuirassier, ever cleared the way.

When Prince Bismarck returned from the war which Mr. Lowe thus describes, he wrote to his wife:—“The good people have not enough to do, and see nothing but their own noses, and exercise their swimming powers on the stormy waves of phrase.” If ever he tries to read this historical biography of himself, he will find himself not swimming—for swimming is out of the question—but floundering in a vast slough of words. His indignation will be none the less when he reflects that it is a slough intentionally and laboriously contrived.

We have contented ourselves with merely dealing with the style in which these two heavy volumes are written. Against it—for it has become far too common—it was needful that once more a protest should be made. Prince Bismarck himself is too big for the limits of a single article. To deal with him at the far-end of one would be absurd. We admit that the book contains much that is interesting, for it abounds in extracts. If any one keeps steadily to the passages in smaller type he will find it both readable and instructive. The rest of it is spoilt by the affectation of a writer who is ever foolishly striving by the bigness of his words to rival the greatness of his subject.

GIL BLAS.*

IN expressing enthusiastic admiration of Le Sage’s great masterpiece Mr. Van Laun is only echoing the opinion of the civilized world. Whether he is right, however, in claiming for *Gil Blas* an “English note,” a “Northern flavour,” may be questioned. It seems to us that a Spanish “note” or a Gallic “flavour” might, by a person with the gift of seeing through a millstone, be as easily detected in *Tom Jones* or *Humphrey Clinker*. Whatever note or flavour in *Gil Blas* is not distinctly Spanish is either distinctly French or else cosmopolitan. That it is “the most widely known of European works of fiction, with the single exception of *Don Quixote*,” we are quite prepared to admit. That it deserves its widespread reputation there can be no doubt. It fascinates the scholar, the man of the world, and that strange and composite entity—the “general reader.” Sir Walter Scott says, “If there is anything like truth in Gray’s opinion that to lie upon a couch and read new novels is no bad idea of Paradise, how would that beatitude be enhanced could human genius afford us another *Gil Blas*?” The younger Pitt told his kinsman, Lord Mahon, that he considered *Gil Blas* “the best of all novels.” The heaven-born Minister must have forgotten for the moment *Tom Jones*. What is the charm of a book which, if not the best of all novels, is so near being the best that its pre-eminence can be only hesitatingly questioned? The present translator remarks that “it reminds us of the old-comedy world of

* *Prince Bismarck: an Historical Biography*. By Charles Lowe, M.A. London: Cassell & Co. 1885.

* *The Adventures of Gil Blas of Santillana*. Rendered into English by Henri van Laun. Edinburgh: William Paterson. 1835.

intrigue and moral topsyturveness, the world of flippant valets and roguish ladies-maids, or pliant duennas and arch lovers. . . . Yet," he adds, "none can read the story without finding in it one of the deepest criticisms of life ever penned." These remarks are just and wise. There is no "moral earnestness," as it is called, in *Gil Blas* the book, or in *Gil Blas* the man, who frankly says of himself, "If I was not a rogue, I was very little short of one." He is too modest. He knew something about the whole science of roguery. And when at the age of fifty odd years he marries, and settles down as a wealthy and respectable country gentleman, he seems to have no idea that certain of his actions did not ill merit the galleys. "The education of my children," he says, "will be the amusement of my old age." We can see the twinkle in his roguish old eye as he writes this text in his little boy's copy-book, "Honesty is the best policy." But Le Sage did not write (let us be thankful for all mercies) with a purpose; or, at any rate, his purpose was not to show that rogues never prosper, and that it is only the good who get the good things of this world. His design was to show us certain sides of life which he knew thoroughly both from study and intuition, and with which he had, at any rate, an artistic and extrinsic sympathy. In this task he has achieved what our friends across the Channel would call a monumental success. We should be foolish if we looked in his pages for men and women with deep faith, high aims, or heroic aspirations. As Elia says of the comedies of Congreve and Wycherley, we are not to judge by our usages. "We are amongst a chaotic people. There is neither right nor wrong—gratitude or its opposite, claim or duty, paternity or sonship. The whole is a passing pagant where we should sit as unconcerned at the issues as at a battle of the frogs and mice." Le Sage seldom aims high, but it is with marvellous keenness of sight that he focuses the goal he shoots at, and with an unerring precision that he pierces it with the sharp arrow of his malicious wit.

Mr. Van Laun completely refutes the foolish charge brought by Llorente and others, and repeated by Mr. Edward Everett and a writer in *Blackwood's Magazine*, that *Gil Blas* is not the work of Le Sage or any other Frenchman, but a mere slovenly translation from the Spanish of Marcos Obregon de la Ronda or Antonio de Solis; but it is perhaps unnecessary to answer seriously such puerile objections as these. Only a Spaniard, says this patriotic Castilian, could have had the habits and customs of Spaniards so completely at his fingers' ends as to know that a lawyer would stop to put on his hat and cloak before he went out of doors to see a client. M. Llorente might surely claim kinship with the Boetian commentator who opined that Shakespeare's printer had made a mistake in *King John*, where a tailor is described as

Standing on slippers which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet.

"For," says the shrewd observer, "we all know that a man may in a hurry put his glove on the wrong hand; but no man can ever be so excited as not to know his right shoe from his left." But, continues the never-satisfied M. Llorente, this Frenchman interpolates matter of his own, which proves him to be not only a thief, but a clumsy thief. Who ever heard of a licentiate of Salamanca lying dead drunk in a gutter? That the Spaniards are on the whole a sober people we all know and admit. But is a foreigner necessarily foolish or libellous because he supposes there may have been one Porson-like Don in a Spanish University? Mr. Van Laun's comments and criticisms are generally fair and just. He should not, however, speak with condescending scorn of the Count de Tressan as "a dabbler in the fields of literature." That distinguished soldier was a scholar and an Academician. Besides his many romances of chivalry, he wrote a "Treatise on Electricity," in which it is alleged that he was the first to explain the phenomena of that powerful agent of nature; and a critic says of his *Réflexions Sommaires sur l'Esprit*, "Jamais on n'a renfermé en un moindre volume plus de connaissances, de lumières, de raison et de goût." Mr. Van Laun's translation is, on the whole, very good. But we do not like to see the Puerta del Sol called the "Sun-gate," and it is surely improper to make a Spaniard say that he drew his sword and assumed a fighting attitude "like any Drawcansir." Is it even barely conceivable that *Gil Blas* had read the Duke of Buckingham's famous burlesque? Le Sage says that his duellist placed himself "en matadore." "Trowers" is an almost laughable rendering of *haut de chausses*. But perhaps the climax of absurdity is attained when Mr. Van Laun makes the mother of *Gil Blas* say that her husband had been a "gentleman" in very poor circumstances. What the good widow really said was that the elder *Blas* de Santillane had been "un écuyer des plus malaisés." She never dreamed of claiming for him the rank of esquire.

The etchings, by M. Lalauze, which illustrate this beautiful English edition of *Gil Blas* are exquisite in their finish and delicacy. The artist appears to have so fine a taste for what is graceful and becoming that he cannot bring himself to depict the Archbishop of Granada as the squat, bald-headed, bandy-legged creature *Gil Blas* describes. On the contrary, it is a very dignified and venerable-looking prelate who shows *Gil Blas* to the door, while he wishes him good luck combined with a little more taste.

MADAME MOHL.*

THE difference between the Salons of Paris and those great congeries of unharmonizing men and women which in London go by the name of Society, is well brought out in this pleasant volume describing the salon of Mme. Mohl. Mme. Mohl was wont to remark in her later years that the late dinners and the love of display had smothered society; and certainly her salon was ever a living protest against that vulgar ostentation and pretentious frivolity which had invaded Paris during the latter days of the Empire. In the Rue du Bac conversation did not degenerate into gossip and small talk; men addicted to hard thinking and plain living after the day's brain-work gathered round her fire, seeking only relaxation and companionship; each one took pains to be agreeable; they came to be amused (and is this desperately frivolous?); their hostess "gave them what they came for, and sent them away pleased with the consciousness of having been seen at their best, and of having thoroughly enjoyed themselves—that expressive phrase which is so strangely misapplied in its general use." It is apparently not Miss O'Meara's intention in the present volume to write a detailed biography of Mme. Mohl, the object is rather to portray the salon where so many friends knew her as the centre of a society distinguished for intellect and culture, but where, unlike the salons of the preceding generation, no particular doctrines of any kind were preached. For Mme. Mohl's salon was, above all, eclectic, and she carefully eschewed attempting to propagate any particular set of ideas, whether religious, political, or literary.

The Emperor Napoleon III. was once asked by his guest, Queen Sophie of Holland, whether there were still any salons in Paris. "Yes," replied His Majesty, "Mme. Mohl has one; but she does not do me the honour of inviting me"; and is it not a curious fact that the lady who in 1869 was supposed to hold in Paris one of the only salons worthy of the name should have been by birth an Englishwoman? Mary Clarke was born in 1790, and came over to France in the celebrated year '93, when a tiny child, with her mother and elder sister, seeking the sunshine of the South. They settled at Toulouse, and Mary, though a Protestant, was put to the convent school. Mrs. Clarke had, very young, been left a widow; she was the daughter of Captain Hay, of the Royal Navy, and her mother, Mrs. Hay, a Scotchwoman, had in her day been one of that coterie of intellect of which Hume was long the presiding genius in Edinburgh. Mrs. Clarke, after some years spent in the South, migrated to Paris and took up her abode in the Rue Bonaparte, where Mary profited much by the neighbouring galleries of the Louvre, copying pictures and making portraits in pastels—then the rage—in which art she attained no inconsiderable success. The landlord of the house in the Rue Bonaparte, however, turned out to be unaccommodating—for "they were always a pestilent set, the Paris landlords," as Mme. Mohl remarked half a century later—and the Clarks had the good fortune to obtain the large apartment above Mme. Récamier, who was then living in the Abbaye-aux-Bois. An intimacy soon sprang up between the ladies, and Mme. Récamier formed a close friendship with Mary Clarke, who enthusiastically reciprocated the attachment of her beautiful friend, and as she said, speaking of it later, from that time forth "loved Mme. Récamier" till death severed the bond that had never once been strained. From the very beginning Miss Clarke had obtained the first place in the good graces of Mme. Récamier by her faculty of amusing the *grand ennuyé* Chateaubriand, she of all others was most successful in coaxing him to smile or even laugh, and throw off the fastidious languor that habitually hung like a cloud upon him.

After her first triumph at the Abbaye, Miss Mary Clarke's arrival was looked for with more or less eagerness, according to the degree of ennui visible in M. de Chateaubriand. When he came to the dangerous point of stroking Mme. Récamier's cat, eyes were turned anxiously to the door; but when he reached the psychological crisis of playing with the bell-rope impatience increased to nervousness, and the entrance of *la jeune Anglaise* was greeted with a general gasp of satisfaction.

It was at the Abbaye-aux-Bois that Miss Clarke formed the friendships that were to last a lifetime; and the influences of Mme. Récamier's salon certainly fostered that innate grace and charm which, with her cultivated intelligence, fitted her so well ultimately to succeed to the salon of her friend. After spending seven happy years at the Abbaye, the Clarks removed to the apartment at No. 120 Rue du Bac, which in later years was so well known to all M. and Mme. Mohl's large circle of friends, and it is now that our author introduces us to M. Mohl. "Mrs. Clarke's fortune, though by no means large, admitted of her exercising the more substantial form of hospitality of giving dinners to her friends, or rather of sharing her dinner with them, for she never gave 'dinner parties.' Fauriel, Roulain, and Julius Mohl were in the habit of dining with her several times a week, as well as spending nearly every evening with her." M. Mohl was a German by birth, his father having been for many years Minister of State to the King of Würtemberg. His four sons all attained to eminence, and their mother was wont to boast that she had educated her boys in such a way that they should no one of them "ever be compelled to sell his opinions (*vendre sa pensée*). Robert, the eldest, became a distinguished juriconsult; Maurice was a political economist and a member of the Frankfurt Parliament; Hugo was the botanist and author of several discoveries in physiology; Julius, who subsequently married Miss Clarke, was devoted to the study of

* Madame Mohl; her Salon and her Friends: a Study of Social Life in Paris. By Kathleen O'Meara. London: Bentley & Son. 1885.

Oriental languages, and had refused at twenty the offer of a professorship in the University of Tübingen in order to be free to come to Paris and study under Rémusat, Burnouf, and De Sacy. In Paris Julius Mohl soon made friends among the men of eminence in both science and literature. At Cuvier's house, in the Jardin des Plantes, he met Ampère, the brilliant essayist, and a close friendship, that lasted a lifetime, was struck up between them. Fauriel and Mohl, as we have seen, were *habitués* in the Rue du Bac, and there became acquainted with Thiers, then a young man fresh from Provence, of five-and-twenty, who had been introduced to Mrs. Clarke with a view of enlisting her influence to get him employment. Young Thiers found the society of the English ladies so pleasant that regularly he used to spend his evenings there talking to Miss Clarke:—

He used to come every evening and talk with her for hours, staying so late that the *concierge* lost patience, and said to her one morning, "Made-moiselle, if that little student does not take himself off before midnight, I will lock the gate, and he may sleep on the staircase!" After this the little student was dismissed earlier. Though less assiduous in his attentions than in these young days, Thiers remained one of the *habitués* of the Rue du Bac.

The list of these, indeed, included all the cleverest men of the day. In earlier times it was Guizot, Cousin, Benjamin Constant, and Mignet; and, as years went by, up the steep staircase in the Rue du Bac passed and repassed in turn men such as Montalembert and Renan, Ranke and Dean Stanley, Tourguéneff and De Tocqueville. Death made many gaps, but the places were taken by others. In 1844 Fauriel died; he had been for twenty years M. Mohl's most intimate friend and Miss Clarke's most devoted admirer; his friend nursed him in his last illness, and Miss Clarke felt most deeply the loss of one "whom she had loved with a tenderness that was, perhaps, a unique thing in her life." Two years later her mother died, and Miss Clarke found herself almost alone in the world, for her sister was married, and lived entombed in an English country parsonage, and between them was the passage of the sea. It followed almost naturally that a year after her mother's death Mary Clarke married Julius Mohl. Prosper Mérimée was best man, and witness of the *contrat*; the precautions taken by the bride and bridegroom to elude the vigilant curiosity of their friends are very funny; but we must refer our readers to Miss O'Meara's pages in order not to spoil a good story by abstracting it. After a month's honeymoon in Switzerland, the Mohls returned and settled down in the old apartment in the Rue du Bac. Not long after this they sustained a double loss. Chateaubriand, who occupied the suite of rooms below them on the first-floor, had long been in failing health. Gradually he grew worse, then passed away, nursed to the last by Mme. Récamier, blind now, but still beautiful in her old age, who came to stay with Mme. Mohl, the more easily to be enabled to soothe by her presence the last hours of the dying poet. Within a year of his death, on the 11th of May, 1849, she, too, followed; but for her death did not come so peacefully as for him—it came in the terrible guise of cholera then raging in Paris.

With the establishment of the Second Empire a new era opened for Mme. Mohl's salon. Though she really cared little for parties or politics, she had all the luxury of being in opposition. From her younger days she had been a sincere admirer of Louis Philippe, and she always held that his Government had been the one best suited to the French nation. As a natural consequence she detested the Imperial régime, and hated with her whole mind and her whole soul Napoleon III. It will easily be understood that her popularity did not wane on account of the witty things said in her salon at the expense of the Government of "Celui-ci," as she often called the Emperor, accompanying the pronoun with a contemptuous jerk of the thumb over her shoulder in the direction of the Tuileries. It was ever an especial delight to do her best to thwart the election at the Institut of those of his creatures whom *notre monsieur*—as Mme. Mohl calls the Emperor in writing to Ampère—desired to foist on the unwilling "Immortals." With all this the character of Mme. Mohl's salon, as Miss O'Meara points out, still continued to be eclectic. All parties met as on neutral ground, and the Queen of Holland, when staying at the Tuileries, did not fail to cross the Pont Royal to partake of the hospitality of the Rue du Bac. A famous *déjeuner* given to Her Majesty by the Mohls, at which she met the leaders of the Opposition, Thiers, Mignet, Jules Simon, and others, including the historian Ranke, is charmingly described by Miss O'Meara; but the scant space still remaining at our disposal warns us to draw our extracts to an end.

Miss O'Meara has written a very pleasant volume on Mme. Mohl's salon. She has depicted both the host and the hostess in graphic, vivid lines, and the numerous extracts from the letters of Mme. Mohl incorporated in the volume will enable the reader to judge as at first hand of the raciness of her diction, for Mme. Mohl wrote as she talked. We gather from Miss O'Meara's pages that, though she had met Mme. Mohl, she had never been intimate with her. Miss O'Meara, however, has evidently had the advantage of being intimate with most of Mme. Mohl's oldest and most attached friends, inasmuch as to them she is indebted for most of the characteristic anecdotes of her salon. Moreover, the absence of the personal element tends to make her judgment the more just of one whose character was so wayward that she frequently, though unintentionally, wounded the susceptibilities of those who came the ofttest into direct contact with her. M. Mohl's nephew, Herr Ottmar von Mohl, has supplied Miss O'Meara with many interesting recollections of his aunt, and Mr. Story, the

American sculptor, has placed at our author's disposal a sketch taken many years ago of Mme. Mohl, and which those who knew her acknowledge as wonderfully lifelike; it has been reproduced and stands as the frontispiece of the volume. Other friends, too numerous to mention in detail, but of whom the most frequently cited are such names as Jules Simon, B. St. Hilaire, and Grant Duff, have contributed their reminiscences, and we may close this notice by quoting part of the sympathetic appreciation of Mme. Mohl and her salon sent to Miss O'Meara by the Duc de Broglie, the statesman and the near connexion of the family of Mme. de Staël:—

"If she succeeded in bringing together without collision, and even without *gêne*, persons who did not habitually seek one another, and that nothing drew naturally together, it was no doubt because she did not attempt to impose any systematic opinions on them. . . . What might have wounded coming from another pleased and amused from her. Her extreme kindness, her total absence of pretension, a forgetfulness of herself that was visible even in the neglect of her personal appearance, made it impossible to take amiss anything she said. It is exceedingly difficult to appreciate Madame Mohl's peculiar kind of merit without having known her, and it is still more difficult to describe it."

POLYNESIANA.*

THE Polynesian problem, which, with its infinite ethnical and linguistic complexities, has fascinated the world of science from the days of Forster and Humboldt and Crawliard down to the present time, seems as far from solution as ever. Certainly the subject will never be advanced by writers who, like Mr. Fornander, start from some wild assumption and then proceed, in the approved deductive method, to fit their facts to their theories. It is deplorable to find this writer still persevering in the hopeless task he has set himself to prove that the South Sea Islanders are the direct descendants of the "Aryan" or "Indo-European race." In this third volume of his elaborate work he deals with the linguistic aspect of the question; and, after Bopp's conspicuous failure, philologists will scarcely need to be told that Mr. Fornander does not succeed in demonstrating the fundamental unity of Aryan and Polynesian speech. The labour wasted on the attempt, however, need not be regretted should it only have a deterrent effect on others tempted to pursue like fatuitous courses.

As explained both in the text and in a not very lucid preface furnished by Professor W. D. Alexander, of Honolulu, the theory is that the separation of the Oceanic branch from the Aryan stock somewhere in Central Asia took place at a vastly remote epoch, when the common Aryan speech was at the same stage of low grammatical development as still characterizes the modern Polynesian. Since then the Continental Aryan has been developed through diverse stages of agglutination to the high degree of inflection typified by Sanskrit, Zend, and Greek, while the Oceanic Aryan has, in fact, remained stationary. Hence no difficulty is presented by the present grammatical structure of both branches, which confessedly differs *toto cælo*, and the comparison must be made exclusively between the Polynesian vocabulary and the Aryan roots stripped of all their stem and inflectional accretions. But the old theory that Polynesian is in an arrested rather than a degraded state is no longer tenable, and it must be further obvious that, pending the establishment of a common system of *Lautverschiebung*, at which no attempt is here made, a comparative study of Aryan and Polynesian roots is scientifically impossible. The discovery of a common law of interchange, if any ever existed, is specially imperative in dealing with the singularly elastic phonetic system of the Oceanic tongues, in which consonants are even more evanescent than vowels, and in which the allied forms *ruma*, *suma*, *huma*, *nima*, *uma*, answering to the Malay *rumah*—house, show that, for instance, the letters *r*, *s*, *h*, *n* are interchangeable or may be dropped. This tendency of consonants to disappear would alone vitiate a large number of Mr. Fornander's comparisons, such as that of the Hawaiian *eli*—to dig, and the Aryan *ar*—arare, to err or plough, where a reference to the Samoan *'eli* for *keli*, the Fijian *keri* and Sundanese *kali*, *ngali*, shows the presence of an organic guttural in Oceanic of which no trace can be discovered in the Aryan group. He is thus comparing shadows with substances, and his method sinks to the low level of the etymological school rendered obsolete by the creation of scientific philology.

As the statement made in vol. i., that the first four Polynesian numerals "are of undoubted Aryan origin," is here repeated, it may be well to point out that this is a pure fallacy based on fanciful verbal resemblances. Thus the Oceanic *lua*, *rua*, *drua*, *dua*, is likened to the Indo-European *duo*, *two*; but in the latter the dental is organic, while in the former it is evolved by a common process of cerebration from the liquid, as clearly shown in the transitional form *drua*. So with *lima*, *rima*, *nima*—five, where the nasal is again derived from a radical liquid, and consequently has nothing in common with the Gothic *niman* (take), the Latin *numerus*, or the Greek *νῆμα*, unless it can be shown that here also initial *n* represents an original liquid. It would then be further necessary to prove that in Aryan as in Polynesian the primitive meaning of this word was *hand*, *lima* really meaning

* *The Polynesian Race; its Origin and Migrations*. Vol. III. Comparative Vocabulary of the Polynesian and Indo-European Languages. By Abraham Fornander. London: Trübner & Co. 1885.

The Melanesian Languages. By R. H. Codrington, D.D. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1885.

the five fingers used in counting. An analogous case is the Nengone (Mare) *tini*=three, which in Fiji means *ten* and in Maori *many*, a crowd, ten thousand; hence is by Mr. Fornander referred to the Greek *χίλις*. But the original idea was not *many*, thousands, or any indefinite large number, but *end, finish*, a meaning it still retains in Fijian. When, therefore, the Oceanic arithmetic stopped at *two*, as it still does in the Australian languages, *tini* was used to indicate the end of reckoning, after which everything was countless, a multitude, &c. When the system became decimal, *tini* was successively advanced to the position of *ten* (Fiji), *ten thousand* (Maori), *innumerable* (Tahitian), and so lapses the assumed relationship with *χίλις*. Need anything further be urged to show how purely beguiling are these etymological will-o'-the-wisps?

In the introductory part of this volume Mr. Fornander endeavours to support his peculiar views on the authority of Professor Keane, who, in the essay on the Indo-Chinese and Oceanic peoples, is represented as deriving the Eastern Polynesians from "a fair, a Caucasian, an Indo-European, or Aryan," race. But in that essay there is no question of "Indo-European or Aryan," terms which few sound anthropologists would now use without some qualification in an ethnical sense. Arguments are advanced to show an early spread of the Caucasian stock to Further India, and thence through Malaysia to Polynesia. But it is not contended that these Caucasians were of the same branch as the "Indo-Europeans, or Aryans," the opposite being rather implied on linguistic grounds. Throughout all these volumes Mr. Fornander's vague use of such expressions as "Caucasian," "Hamites, called Chaldeo-Arabbians," "Cushites, or Accadians," and the like, betrays his essentially unscientific habit of thought.

The contrast between his work and the Rev. Mr. Codrington's is all the more striking that both deal substantially with the same peoples and languages. The expectations raised by a preliminary paper recently read before the Anthropological Institute have been amply realized by Mr. Codrington's present work, which for the first time places the comparative study of the Melanesian tongues on a solid foundation. Hitherto the only available materials for the study of this important linguistic group have been Bishop Patteson's tentative efforts, worked into shape by the elder Von der Gabelentz, and a more recent, but scarcely more satisfactory, tractate by the younger Von der Gabelentz and Dr. A. B. Meyer, of Dresden. But Mr. Codrington, an accurate scholar and practical linguist, gives us a comprehensive treatise, embracing the whole Melanesian area, from the Duke of York Island in the extreme north-west to the Loyalty Archipelago (Nengone, or Mare) in the extreme south-east. Fiji, as already sufficiently known, is excluded, at least from special treatment; as is also New Guinea, for lack of trustworthy data. But enough remains to entitle Mr. Codrington to the warmest thanks of scholars for a most valuable contribution to linguistic studies.

The materials for the work were mainly obtained at first hand from natives of the various Melanesian islands, brought from time to time to the Norfolk Island Mission schools, where the author spent many years of useful labour. It consists of two essentially distinct parts—a general survey of all the Oceanic tongues constituting the so-called Malayo-Polynesian family, and a separate study of thirty-five more or less typical languages current in the New Hebrides, Solomon, Banks, Santa Cruz, and other Melanesian insular groups. The results of this searching investigation are in some respects so startling that they will scarcely meet with universal assent without further research. Mr. Codrington maintains, and we think fairly establishes, uniformity of speech throughout Melanesia, hitherto regarded as a region of linguistic chaos. He further conclusively demonstrates the fundamental identity of this language with the Malayo-Polynesian, and thus reconstitutes the great Oceanic linguistic family on a broader basis than before.

So far his conclusions will meet with ready acceptance. But when he goes on to assert that in the Melanesian we have the organic or typical form of the Oceanic speech, of which both the Malayan and Eastern Polynesian are merely degraded members, he inevitably creates a tremendous ethnological difficulty, for which he cannot, of course, be held responsible, but which he nevertheless feels must be taken into consideration. "The present Melanesian languages," he writes, "certainly have not been introduced by intruders speaking the present Malay or Polynesian languages," and, further, "It is quite certain that, as compared with Fijian [Melanesian], the languages of Tonga and Samoa [Polynesian] are late, simplified, and decayed." It must be allowed that these statements are fully borne out by the comparative study here instituted of the several branches of the Oceanic family. Thus the Melanesian adjectival ending *ga, g*, is represented in Polynesian only by *a*, and, as the author pithily puts it, "it is not to be supposed that the Melanesian borrowed *ga, g* from *a*." So with the Melanesian *pat, bat*, reduced in Polynesian by phonetic decay to *fa, ha, a*; and the characteristic Melanesian transitive ending *taka, tag, sag*, which has disappeared from Malay and Malagasy, and faint traces of which are elsewhere found only in Javanese and Samoan. "If then," asks Mr. Codrington, "the Melanesians have borrowed this form, whence have they borrowed it?"

Anthropology and philology appear to be thus brought into the most violent antagonism, and in the Oceanic area a condition of things is established which finds no parallel in any other ethnical region. For we have here three very distinct types of mankind (the yellow, low-sized mesocephalic Malay, the brown, tall

brachycephalic Polynesian, and the black, middle-sized dolichocephalic Melanesian) not only possessing a common type of speech, but a type of speech the organic form of which is found not in the higher Malay and Polynesian, but in the lowest Melanesian ethnical group. It is as if in India, for instance, the Dravidian and Kolarian tongues had everywhere been superseded by the Sanskrit, and that the most primitive forms of Sanskrit, say, that of the Vedas, were found current not amongst the Aryan Brahmins and Rajputs, or even amongst the Dravidian Tamils and Telugus, but amongst the aboriginal low-caste Bhils and Santhals of the Vindhya highlands. What is the explanation of this remarkable phenomenon? The question is far too wide to be more than alluded to here; but the reader will find a possible key to the enigma in the discussion which followed the reading of the above-mentioned paper by Mr. Codrington, and which appears in the Journal of the Anthropological Institute for August, 1884.

SIX NOVELS.*

THE trade of novel-writing appears to be fast becoming the monopoly of the gentler sex. There is, indeed, no malady more incident to maids—and, for that matter, to wives and widows also—than the malady of fiction. Of the six books at present under notice, only one, and that one not a story, but a collection of anecdotes and sketches, is by a man. All the others are novels of one sort or another—emotional, religious, analytical; and all are unmistakably the work of women. It is superfluous to remark that among them there is no *Consuelo*, nor even a *Daniel Deronda*. It is not so superfluous to observe that they are none of them particularly absurd. A dead level of mediocrity is common to them all. They are plainly the result of honest effort; but there is no earthly reason that we know of why anybody should ever attempt to read them. To talk of them is much the same as to talk of dreams, which (we have it on good authority) are "the children of an idle brain, and therefore nothing." It is obvious that their writers have done their best, and are disposed to take themselves and their work quite seriously. It is just as obvious that they had been better employed in other directions—in writing papers (say) for the Browning Society, or making commentaries on *The Seven Lamps of Architecture* or *The Cook's Oracle*. But the age is an age of progress, and the manufacturer of insignificant novels is one of the most characteristic phenomena, and the best way is to accept the inevitable in the right frame of mind:—

Are these things necessities?

Then let us meet them like necessities!

and approach calamity with a most constant heart. Thus heroes go forth to battle; thus criminals to execution.

Miss (or Mrs.) Paxton's new book, *Where Tempests Blow*, is, to our thinking, the antithesis of an improvement on *Miss Elveston's Girls*, which we remember to have read with a certain amount of pleasure. There is plenty of good Scotch in the one as in the other; but the beginning of *Where Tempests Blow* has a savour of amateurism which we did not find in *Miss Elveston's Girls*: while, as a whole, it is unfortunate in the presence of a villain so monstrous as entirely to vitiate the environment in which he is placed. The story is rambling enough to be hard to tell with brevity. It sets forth how a certain Roberta Drever was wooed and won by one Kaspar Hayre; how Kaspar, "a magnificently handsome man," but an odious fool and rascal, deserted her for her cousin Daisy Barrock, under the impression that her uncle, the miser, Simon Barrock, had cut her out of his will, and put Daisy in her stead; how Simon Barrock died of paralysis, and Simon Barrock's housekeeper was led to believe that Roberta had poisoned him with a dose of liniment, which was really exhibited by her sister Effie; how Roberta came into a quarter of a million of money, and married an adjoining laird on the strength of it; and how she quarrelled with her husband, and was accused of murder by Kaspar Hayre; and, finally, how she went to sleep in the snow, and was taken up for dead (or thereabouts), and was recovered to life, and, reconciled to her spouse, proved to be the best of women; and how—it is to be assumed—she lived happily ever afterwards, and had many children. So far, it will be admitted, there is no harm in the work; there have been novels like it before, and there will be novels like it again. The real difficulty appears when we are confronted with the character of Kaspar Hayre—a gentleman almost as impossible and unfamiliar as his name—and requested to take such an interest in his influence on Roberta's fortunes as could only be accorded to that of not many real human beings. Mr. Hayre, indeed, is a trifle too dull and bad for human nature's daily food. He has "magnetic black eyes," a "wonder of a beard," the "features of a Greek god," and a "complete accoutrement of suavity"; he is also an author; he appears to have had a decent education and a gentlemanlike up-bringing. But he talks as a villain in *Fitzball*;

* *Where Tempests Blow*. By M. W. Paxton. 3 vols. London: Ward & Downey.

Jephthah's Daughter. By Jane H. Spettigue. 2 vols. London: Fisher Unwin.

Nigel Lennox of Glen Ireing. By L. N. Hyder. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

Cris-Cross. By Grace Denio Litchfield. London and New York: Putnam's Sons.

At the Pastor's. By the Author of "The Swedish Twins." Edinburgh: Nelson.

Pike County Folks. By E. H. Mott. London: J. & R. Maxwell.

his behaviour is in pleasing congruence with his speech; he kills his wife; he libels Roberta in a novel, and he accuses her of murder and seduction; he does everything he should not do in exactly the way it should not be done; and, as we have said, he murders the interest of the book. Roberta herself is not too plausibly presented; she is afflicted, in particular, with that inhuman capacity of holding her tongue which is common to the heroines of a certain order of fiction. But she is humanity itself compared with Kaspar Hayre. In *Where Tempests Blow*, indeed, the author's successes are few and inconsiderable. One or two of her minor characters—Elspeth Meikle, for instance, and Captain Brochie, and perhaps the fawning housekeeper Bourtree—are fairly natural and consistent; and some of her scenes—as, for example, the chapter called “A Nest of Hornets,” and the scene of Captain Brochie's courtship—are spirited in conception and happy, even vigorous, in execution. But the book, though it improves a little as it goes on, is amateurish to the end, and can only be described as a respectable failure.

In *Jephthah's Daughter* we are introduced to a heroine of a somewhat uncommon type. Her name is Hester Carnsey; she has a father, an aunt, and a certain number of brothers and sisters; she has also a cousin, whom she loathes, and a venerable granduncle, of whom she is rather fond. Her cousin, it need hardly be mentioned, is a scheming interloper; and when she finds that her granduncle intends to alter his will in this gentleman's favour and reduce her father *cum suis* to beggary, she makes up her mind that the proceeding is one to be stopped. She collects the *Spectator*, reads all she can on the subject of euthanasia, laces her uncle's physic with laudanum, and runs away to New Zealand as a nursemaid. At this time she is not more than sixteen or eighteen years old, and for some time her history is a blank. When we next encounter her, she is the friend and companion of an elderly lady; she has the fatal gift of beauty; she is moving in the best circles of Cape Colony society. Of course she meets the hero, and of course the hero loves her. Equally of course his feelings are reciprocated, and equally of course she discovers that she is after all no better than a murderess, and that, as such, she can never be his. It is unnecessary to add that all ends happily, and that the murder is proved to be one in intention merely, and not in fact, the old gentleman having broken his neck while out walking, so that he never got to quarters with the laudanum at all. The intention, it is obvious, was the reverse of strictly honourable; but intention matters little to a man in love. “I know you are bitterly sorry for what you did,” pleads the hero, in the last page but one of Mrs. (or Miss) Spettigue's second volume, “and I believe you will make me as good a wife as I shall ever find, and will carry out your duties as well as any woman I know, possibly better.” Who can withstand such pleading? who that has practised euthanasia with success but will feel genuine sympathy with the yielding Hester, even though she had failed in her first essay? who but will wish her better luck next time? The author (we should add) is at her best in dealing with South Africa. She is not too prodigal of kloofs and dissel-booms, kartels, and the other luxuries of Afrikaner civilization; she writes with spirit, and as one having the authority of experience; and, as disguised guide-book, much of her novel may be read with interest and a certain amusement.

The next three on our list may be dismissed more summarily. In the first, *Nigel Lennox of Glen Irvine*, the intention is strictly goody-goody, the workmanship is commonplace, the plot is trivial, the characters are of small account, the effect is nothing. The hero, Nigel Lennox, is a contractor and a millionaire; he speaks the broadest Scotch; his Christianity is above proof; his sentiments are almost offensively honourable; he is everybody's benefactor, and none but the wicked is his enemy; and at fifty-eight or so he wins the female of his species in the person of the exemplary and accomplished Agatha Hastings, who is a lady of eight-and-thirty, with virtues enough to furnish forth a whole Cathedral Chapter. There is not much story, and what there is is that of the admirable effects produced by these two patterns on their friends. In the end Glen Irvine becomes what in America is called “an abode of high-toned connubiality”; a baby appears who rejoices in the name of Agathos, and is expected to inherit “the pure and spotless fame and open childlike heart” that are his father's; there are a number of conversions and a certain amount of marrying and giving in marriage on lower than the heroic levels of the book; and that is really all.

There is not much more, if the truth be told, in *Crisis-Cross*, and *Crisis-Cross* has pretensions, as an outcome of the school of Henry James, to being considered as a work of art. The tone is worldly, the writing is careful, the characterization has a certain neatness. But, for all that, there is little to choose between *Crisis-Cross* and *Nigel Lennox*. The one is scarce less empty and futile than the other; and it is easy to imagine life without either. The story of *Crisis-Cross*, which is told in letters, is of two American young women and one American young man. American young woman Number One, who is all that is correct and proper, loves, and is beloved by, the American young man; but the American young man goes wandering in Europe with American young woman Number Two, who is a desperate flirt, and in the roof of Milan Cathedral goes so far as to make bold to kiss her and ask her to marry him. He means little or nothing by it, his heart being true to Number One; but it comes to her ears, and, in a frenzy of delicate and unaccountable psychology, she discards him for ever. Number Two, it would seem, is still

flirting, while Number One has disappeared into space, and the American young man is left, as it were, in the quandary of Buridan's ass between two memories. The flirt, it may be added, is cleverly sketched, and there is an amusing child—an undeveloped American young woman—of the most dreadful type imaginable. But, when all is said, the book was hardly worth writing; being written, is hardly worth reading, still less remembering. As for *At the Pastor's*, it is a well-meaning little story for girls, and, being neatly written and pleasantly conceived, deserves a certain commendation and some popularity.

There is some decent raw material in *Pike County Folks*. The author knows his subject, and writes the Pike County dialect easily and with point. Some of his characters—as the “Old Settler”—are well understood and cleverly presented; some of his stories—as “Jery and Mag's Wedding”—are quite good enough to justify the telling in black and white. But the sort of thing he attempts is so much better done in Mark Twain that one finds it hard to forgive him his trespassing. His anecdotes are well enough in their way; but one would not give a chapter of *Huckleberry Finn* for a whole wilderness of such ware. Mark Twain is an artist; Mr. Mott is only a reporter.

THE BOOK OF THE PIG.*

MR. JAMES LONG has written a very good book of the pig, and has said all that can or need be said on the subject for the information of everybody who has anything to do with that interesting and useful animal. He begins from the beginning, and takes the pig up when he was the common pig of Europe, descended from the wild boar, but domesticated and in the charge of the swineherds of ancient times—such as Gurth in *Ivanhoe*—and brings him down to the grand animals of the present day. When a pig has attained to a great degree of excellence the proper word to use is “grand”; and if you wish to express your admiration of a pig in a show-yard you must call him a grand pig (see pp. 143, 149). It would not strike one at first that grandeur was a peculiar characteristic of the pig, but this use, or abuse, of language is common in trade; as a forage dealer will say of a sample of beans for your horse that they are very handsome beans, or a wine merchant will recommend a wine as a very pretty wine, referring to its flavour, and not at all to its colour or appearance, and so forth. A sumptuous pig has been heard told of in the West of England, but that was a provincialism. *The Book of the Pig* is exceedingly well illustrated, and in the frontispiece is displayed the portrait of what the author calls the common pig of Europe. It is the reverse of a flattering portrait, and is a gross libel on the common pig of this country, anyway; but it may be a good likeness of the worst pig that ever was seen, and an apt warning as to what state of degradation a pig may come if the art of breeding him is neglected. This and some of the drawings of the superior breeds are very good, and appear to be taken direct from life; but others are suggestive of having been copied from photographs of portraits painted in a show-yard. The show-yard artist sits down with his easel before a prize animal, paints a parallelogram on his canvas, adds a small orthodox head, four very small short legs, and a tail, and puts on the colour of his subject as accurately as possible. This is accepted by the owner, who is a better judge of cattle than of art, as a good likeness, of which he is very proud, as well he may be of such a wonderfully symmetrical beast; he gets it photographed, and circulates the photographs as if they were taken direct from the animal himself. It is not easy to photograph a living animal, doing full justice to all his points, and in the case of the pig it is very difficult indeed. Darwin writes, in *Animals and Plants under Domestication*, “Lord Somerville, in speaking of the marvellous improvement of the new Leicester sheep, effected by Bakewell and his successors, says, ‘it would seem as if they had first drawn a perfect form, and then given it life.’” The show-yard artist performs the first part of this process, but giving it life is not in his province, and he leaves that to the scientific breeder. As examples of the difference between a good drawing from life and a copy after a photograph after a painted fancy portrait, the illustration of the large York boar facing p. 52, and sketches of heads, pp. 118, 119, may be referred to, in contrast with the portraits of the American “Poland-Chinas” facing p. 177, most palpable monstrosities. Mr. Long has arranged his subject on a very good system, and, after sufficiently abusing the common pig, “all his faults observed, set in a note-book, and coned by rote,” he treats of the right methods to be followed in the breeding, the rearing, and the general management of the animal. It will be an agreeable surprise to some people to know that the pig delights in cleanliness, and thrives best when he is clean, dry, and warm. Man causes him to be dirty because his hardy constitution enables him to live, and even fatten, in dirt, and then man turns round on him and uses the expression “As dirty as a pig,” giving him a character which he by no means deserves and for which man himself is responsible. He is actually fond of a bath of clean water, and revels in it when it is supplied, as it usually is by first-rate breeders. The question naturally suggests itself, Are there any dirty animals by nature at all? Certainly the cleanliness of wild animals when un-

* *The Book of the Pig; its Selection, Breeding, Feeding, and Management.* By James Long. Illustrated by Harrison Weir, R. M. Wood, and other eminent Artists. London: L. Upcott Gill. 1885.

molested is striking and beautiful, and it would thus appear that man is the sole cause of dirt, which has been defined by him as matter in the wrong place, he being the only animal that puts it there. A great deal of advice, gathered from various quarters of the world, is given in the book on the feeding of pigs, all of which, though the authorities differ much in detail, seems to be sound and good. The long and the short of it is, that good wholesome food, palatable to the pig, and regularly given, such as any sort of grain, wheat, maize, barley, oats, &c., ground or crushed, with farm-roots, mangles, turnips, potatoes, carrots, &c., cooked or uncooked, cleanliness being never neglected, may be given to the pig at discretion, much to the advantage of his owner. The author himself is a great advocate for grass-grazing in a meadow, of which, he will allow us to say, we highly approve. He condemns the use of flesh for food, which is too often given. The work treats fully of the great pig breeds and breeders, and of the large piggeries, but there is also very good advice to the cottager, and no doubt the poor man's friend, the poor man's bank, and he that pays the rent, all names borne by the pig, might be very much improved in each capacity by a little care and attention bestowed in the right direction.

The various breeds of the pig are described, and the book is as complete in this respect as in every other. There are many British breeds, many foreign breeds, and many American breeds (the Americans cannot be called foreigners, and their pigs, like themselves, are descended from British stock). But Mr. Long wisely devotes his chief attention to the six well-known breeds classified by the Royal Agricultural Society—the large white breed, the middle white breed, the small white breed, the small black breed, the Berkshire breed, and the Tamworth breed. These great breeds are all either white or black, the Berkshire being only allowed white feet, a white nose, and a white tag to his tail, except the Tamworth, which is a nondescript sort of red, and is not much in vogue. The large white pig is an enormous beast, approaching in size to a small elephant, and is good for his bacon, which he lays on with a fair admixture of lean with the fat, yielding the popular streaky bacon. The middle white comes in for the greatest share of praise with the Berkshire. They are both of the middle size—the most convenient for general business purposes—and great attention has been paid to their breeding. The Berkshire is the leading and fashionable pig of the day, and is much sought after in America as well as in Europe; indeed, some of the best American breeds have been derived from him. He is a hardy, useful pig, the most universally convenient size, and has of late very much improved in personal appearance. This is due to the influence of the show-yards, and to bring him up to the standard of beauty affected by the judges he has been crossed with the small black at the risk of losing the little white, as before described, that remains to him. Colour is important not for its own sake, though black is a better colour for exposure to the weather and for general health than white, but for the sake of the breed of which it is the outward and visible sign. Mr. Long, in common with all scientific breeders, lays great stress on length of pedigree. The longer the pedigree of a particular type, the surer the reproduction of that type, is the A B C of breeding. And as colour is most markedly hereditary, for reasons well known to the students of Darwin, it is important to the breed of which it is a characteristic. There is a controversy raging as to the condition of animals exhibited in show-yards, some authorities asserting that, to please the taste and fancy of judges, they are made ruinously fat, by which, in the case of pigs, certain breeds have been injured as useful bacon-producing machines. The favourite and fashionable Berkshire has been accused of going the way of all flesh in this direction. The Royal Agricultural Society, of all the many kindred Societies, is far and away the highest authority in the matter of judging. The judges of their selection are really capable men, and the condition of prize animals as they pass them before the public cannot be said to be much overdone. The case of the smaller Societies is another matter. If two animals of nearly equal merit are placed before the best of judges, the one in store condition and the other in show condition, the last would take the prize from the first to a certainty. It must be borne in mind that the object of an exhibition is to show what can be done towards reaching perfection in breeding animals, and the prize beast must show how he puts on his flesh and his fat. The prize animal is the specimen of excellence attained for breeding purposes, and the male is by far the most important on that account. No male is injured by being in show condition, except temporarily; and but few females, for a reduction to breeding condition usually restores them to their natural state. The vast influence of the British show-yard, and the prices obtained all over the world for prize animals, making a valuable and a creditable export trade, ought to be an answer to the objections in question. To return to the breeds of pigs, the small white and the small black may be said to be the prettiest pigs in the show pens, and considerable fancy is displayed in the shape of their noses, hinting that the pug-dog and bull-dog face is an English taste. Mr. Long says they are gentlemen's pigs, more adapted to consumption in the country gentleman's house and for ornament in his piggeries than for anything else. As a mere family pig, for use in the house, they are unrivalled, and their size is much the most handy for such purposes. The Tamworth pig is a variety of the middle size, and is a hardy, serviceable animal, but his merits have not been recognized far beyond his own locality. Besides the breeds classed by the Royal Agricultural Society, Mr. Long bestows much praise on

the Poland-China pigs of Illinois, the Duvoc-Jerseys of New Jersey, and the Chester white of Chester county, Pennsylvania. It is not surprising that the Americans, who have such a vast industry in the curing and packing of bacon for export at Chicago and elsewhere, should pay special attention to their breeds. The Poland-China differs very little from the Berkshire. He also describes some of the Continental breeds. Much space in the book is devoted to the proper construction of piggeries, profusely illustrated by drawings, many of the best examples being given. And on all matters relating to his subject, in addition to his own opinion, the author quotes such high authorities as Mr. Sanders Spencer, Lord Ellesmere, Lord Moreton, Mr. James Howard, Mr. A. C. Moore, of America, M. Houzé, M. Demole, with others.

The book is well printed, on very good paper, and is put out of hand in the best and newest style, better suited, however, for the drawing-room table than for the farm. For the sake of finding fault with a work of very great excellence, it may be said that it would be better if a fuller description of the symptoms of the diseases that afflict the pig were given. The index might be enlarged and improved, and there are a few printer's errors to be corrected in the next edition. When Mr. Long refers, at p. 3, to the "gaunt, grizzly, long-eared and long-snouted beast, so long the object of sport in these islands, and still hunted in many of the forests of Europe," does he mean to describe the wild boar as having long ears? The wild boar certainly has his beauties, and is decidedly not the contemptible looking beast whose portrait adorns the frontispiece. It is pleasing to know from this book that "many men have begun with a pig and have reached positions of eminence and wealth" (p. 95). As we have heard of the learned pig, and as we know what learning may do for a man, there may be some subtle connexion between the two.

We have nothing but praise to give to this really good and valuable work, a standard work on the subject, and we heartily recommend it to every one who wants to know anything or everything about the pig.

GEDDES'S PHÆDO.*

PROFESSOR GEDDES has missed an uncommon opportunity. That his work has reached a second edition we are glad to notice; for it is a scholarly book, which can but do good to the extent of its range. But, having said this, we must at once express our surprise and disappointment that the editor, in the present circumstances of Platonic scholarship in England, should have re-issued his first edition almost without change or enlargement. Since the first publication there have appeared the beginnings of a Platonic literature, which, apart from individual assent or dissent, and merely as a fact, has completely changed the position of Platonic studies in one at least of the chief English centres of learning—we refer, of course, to Dr. Jackson's papers in the *Journal of Philology* and to Mr. Archer-Hind's edition of this very Dialogue, the *Phædo*. The first question which the student will ask of a Platonist just now, and probably for some time to come, is, Have you an opinion about the development of the ideal theory and the supposed relations of the Platonic writings to each other? And, indeed, whenever the reading of Plato is more than a literary amusement, it would seem that this question must be fundamentally important. From the first edition of Professor Geddes no answer could be obtained to it; and none can be obtained now. There is evidence that the editor has read some of the intermediate works which we cite, and in particular the intermediate edition of the *Phædo*: yet to "the probable place of the *Phædo* in the Platonic series of Dialogues" he gives an appendix of less than a page, in which this is the most significant sentence:—

On the other hand, [the *Phædo*] seems to come immediately before the *Philebus*, which contains the doctrine of the *αἰσθητὸν* developed, whereas that doctrine is only adumbrated, as it were below the horizon, in the *Phædo*. The *Philebus* is generally placed close to the *Republic*, so that the *Phædo* is in near proximity, antecedent, by a little space, to that greatest of the Dialogues.

It cannot be too distinctly understood, for the satisfactory progress of Platonic research, that this, in the judgment of many, is not a reasonable treatment of the subject.

In saying this, we do not pronounce a judgment for or against the theories of any particular Platonist. It is quite a tenable opinion, for instance, that Dr. Jackson and his associates have not solved the Platonic problem, or even approached a solution; and it may be, though we rest in ignorance, that Professor Geddes holds this opinion. But if he holds it, nothing that he can do would be so useful just now as that he should profess and support it. Nor is this large omission the only matter in which Professor Geddes appears to ignore the claims of criticism. Next to the relation of the *Phædo* to Platonism in general, perhaps the most important point for an expositor is the logical structure of the Dialogue itself, and the bearing of its parts on the main thesis, the immortality of the soul. Professor Geddes appears to count as one "argument" for this thesis the refutation by the Platonic Socrates of the then popular view, that the soul is a harmony, and as such ceases to exist with the dissolution of the body, of which it is a harmony ("Argument IV." p. 109). Mr. Archer-

* *The Phædo of Plato*. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by W. D. Geddes, LL.D., Professor of Greek in the University of Aberdeen. Second Edition. London: Macmillan & Co. 1885.

Hind (p. 17) impeaches this analysis of the argument as illogical; and here, as the matter is within the competence of the general reader, we do not hesitate to say that we agree with him.

In disproving this proposition Sokrates does not prove the soul's immortality, nor is he one inch nearer proving it. If I wished to ascertain that a certain crystal was not soluble in water, I should gain very little by a chemical analysis which assured me simply that the substance was not salt-petre. . . . The proposition of Simmias is one which has some *prima facie* plausibility, and which would be absolutely fatal to the notion of immortality; its confutation is therefore imperative, but contributes nothing, even incidentally, to the main argument.

We have perhaps overlooked Professor Geddes's answer to this objection, which has produced no change in his analysis or notes. As he was expressly cited for the error, it is not advantageous either for him or his readers that, while referring to Mr. Archer-Hind on a few small points, he should pass this larger matter *sub silentio*. Similarly in the Introduction he continues to speak of the ethical lessons interposed in the Dialogue as "corroborations" of the main argument; though, since the original publication, it has been pointed out—not, indeed, for the first time—that moral deductions from the doctrine of immortality can be held "corroborative" only by a "vicious circle," and that this view "involves a radical misconception of the purpose and structure of the Dialogue." So again, when on p. 247 we find specified, as the chief defect of the theory of ideas, "the semi-poetic machinery of reminiscence, which Plato employed to elucidate his principle, and its consequent connexion with the startling hypothesis of the pre-existence of the soul"—we can but ask, as has been asked before, why (revelation being of course not in question) the pre-existence is more startling than the post-existence, or how Plato, in whose argument the impossibility of creation out of nothing is fundamental, could possibly have held otherwise than as he does hold. Here, as perhaps elsewhere, the editor is less disposed to lay aside his own prepossessions than is desirable for the mere study of antiquity. We cannot but think (to take another example) that he and others, in the natural desire to find Plato as much as possible in harmony with themselves, have emphasized and exaggerated the significance of the "famous passage" in which Simmias speculates on the possibility of "proceeding on one's way more securely and with less danger on some firmer vessel or on some divine doctrine" (85 D). Neither the choice of the speaker nor the proportions of the sentence allow us to believe that Plato attached much importance to what is there said.

As this very point partly turns on a question of grammar, we gladly repeat, what is indeed well known, that the editor's scholarship is generally excellent. There are naturally some points of language which might be reconsidered, if he should ever give his book a real revision. It is not a very clear or correct account of *αἰ' ἦν* (note on p. 68 n) that it "realizes an unpleasant discovery, and expresses, not a condition or state necessarily *past*, but a present condition, with which one has come, through some *past experience*, to be now displeased." The pleasantness or unpleasantness of the surprise is irrelevant; and as to the tense, it does refer to a state necessarily *past*, namely, the state which we wrongly judged to be such and such, when, after all (*ἀρα*), it was not such. We formerly thought a man *φιλόσοφος*; when he betrays dread of death, we see that he was not then *φιλόσοφος*, but *φιλοσώματος*. A little above (p. 67 n) it is said, correctly, that "*μη οὐ* introduces a negative in milder form"; but we should prefer not to add "under the image of a fear, *δέδοικα* being understood." It has long been seen that this whole class of syntactical "understandings" explains nothing, and indeed perverts the true history of linguistic development. When we can say, if we ever can, why *δέδοικα* is followed by *μή* and the subjunctive, we want no *δέδοικα* to understand *μή οὐκ ἦ* as an equivalent for "perhaps it is not." By the expositor of the developed language, such uses are best accepted as ultimate facts; further analysis must be left to comparative grammar. At 94 D, on *τὰ μὲν ἀειδούσα, τὰ δὲ νοητούσα, ταῖς ἐπιθυμίαις ὡς ἄλλη οὐσα ἄλλη πράγματι διαλεγόμενῃ*, the editor should correct the note that the dative *ἐπιθυμίαις* is "governed by the remoter verb *ἀειδούσα*." It surely depends, as Mr. Archer-Hind says, upon *διαλεγόμενῃ*. At 72 A, on *ἱκανόν που ἔδοκει τεκμήριον εἶναι ὅτι ἀναγκαῖον τὰς τῶν τεθνήσκων ψυχὰς εἶναι που, ὅθεν δὴ πάλιν γίνεσθαι* (where it has been proposed to read *δεῖ* for *δὴ*), it is insufficient to say that the infinitive in the adjective clause is "attracted" into the mood of the principal verb; and the parallels cited give no help, as they differ from this in the very point that they are not adjective clauses at all, but principal—the relative being, in effect, a copula and demonstrative. Mr. Archer-Hind has no note. We submit that the infinitive is governed by *ἀναγκαῖον εἶναι*—"we must suppose that the souls of the dead exist somewhere, namely (*δὴ*) in the place from which we must suppose them to be re-born." The datum is that the living are born from the dead; from this comes the inference (first in logic, but second in statement) that they must be re-born from souls in some place, and another involved in this, that the souls must exist there to be re-born.

There are, of course, in the *Phædo* many questions which, if there were space, we would gladly discuss. We should like, for instance, to say something about the curious expression *αὐτὸς εἰκὼ φέρω* (97 n), by which Sokrates describes his own tentative method in opposition to that of the physicists. Whatever the exact meaning may be, it is clear from the context and the emphasis on *αὐτὸς* that the phrase is a borrowed one—borrowed, like many others in Plato, from the writers under discussion. No explanation which ignores this can be accepted as complete. How-

ever, it does not belong to this place to begin a commentary on our own account; and in conclusion we revert to the thought from which we started, as the most important which is suggested by the re-issue of Professor Geddes's book—the regrettable absence, namely, of any effective criticism on the present phase of Platonic studies. If the editor, or any one else equally well qualified, will give us a full and reasoned opinion upon the central problem of Plato, and will define, for the assistance of contemporary students, the relation of his opinion to those which are just now influential in our schools of ancient philosophy, we can assure him of scrupulous attention on the part of a hundred efficient readers—ninety more at least, we suppose, than an expositor of ancient learning is accustomed to expect. Meanwhile we recommend this edition of the *Phædo* to those, but only to those, who will not rest content with it.

ROBERT AND MARY MOFFAT.*

THE life of an earnest and conscientious Scotchman, who began as a gardener and ended as a well-known missionary after more than fifty years' hard work in Bechuanaland, deserved some record. But all that was necessary to be known might have been compressed into less than 450 pages. Moffat, as a lad, underwent a stern discipline. His mother was an excellent but austere Presbyterian woman. Moffat himself, when sixteen, left Scotland for service as under-gardener in Cheshire and became a Wesleyan Methodist. Strong in person and fond of athletic sports, and evidently made for better things, he saw by chance a missionary placard at Warrington, and was seized with an intense longing to preach the gospel to the heathen; and after some difficulties, arising no doubt from his youth and imperfect training, he was sent out to Cape Town in the year 1816. Three years afterwards he found an admirable helpmate in Mary Smith, the daughter of Scotch parents who had settled in England. The establishment of a mission at Lattakoo or Kuruman, an occasional visit to the Cape, no less than four journeys to the Chief Mosilikatse, a furlough to England in 1839-40, much physical hard work as carpenter, builder, gardener, varied by preaching and a translation of the Bible into the language of the Bechuana, make up a useful and honourable record. The writer of this biography has discharged his duty with conscientiousness and filial piety. But he would have been all the better for an association with some one more accustomed to deal with literary matter. He is evidently ignorant of the difference between Bechuana and Sechuana, terms which he employs alternately over and over again. He talks of the Bechuana people and the Sechuana language without explaining that in South Africa *Bé* is a prefix denoting the tribe, and *Sé* the language which the tribe speaks. He does not seem to be aware that Mr. W. C. Oswald, to whom he often refers, besides being an early explorer in South Africa, was once a civil servant on the Madras Establishment.

Several of the letters printed repeat the same sentiments, which, however admirable, gain nothing in force and impressiveness by iteration. Not a few of them might have been condensed. A long extract from the *Leisure Hour* for November 1883 gives in a few pages a good summary of Moffat's life and labours which the author would have done well to imitate. And the index is only another proof of the criticism that "an indexer," like a poet, is born and not made, or only made after repeated trials. A reader on turning to the index would expect under the names Moffat, Robert or Mary as the case may be, to find a reference to the prominent events in their joint or several lives set forth in something like chronological order or due sequence. Robert Moffat's parentage is barely alluded to at the end of two columns about him, and the first reference to him is that he was a "captain of industry," as if he had been so at his birth or had obtained a commission in some local corps so styled. Several pages of the biography treating of Robert Moffat's final return to England in 1868-9 are filled with the names of divers personages, obscure and illustrious, small and great, who noticed the African missionary and with whom he dined or breakfasted. In all this there is hardly a remark from or about any one of these gentlemen or ladies of the very smallest value. Dean Stanley, Sir Bartle Frere, Archbishop Tait, and others had apparently not a word to say or a question to ask their honoured guest. Yet, for all this, we do find a good deal to interest us in the joint lives.

In the first place, they mark the vast change that has come over Cape Colony and other small African possessions between 1816 and 1869. At the former epoch there were no steamers. A sailing vessel took two or three months to get to the Cape. The Orange Free State and the Transvaal Republic were unknown quantities. Travelling in the interior was not only slow as now, but was accompanied with severe trials. There were here and there a few homesteads and fewer villages. Occasionally travellers had to wait for days and weeks before they could cross a river in flood. The Government threw impediments in the way of a missionary settlement. When permission was granted everything had to be begun. The preacher and pioneer of civilization had to select a site, to build a house, to lay out a garden, to bring water from a distance, to bake his own bread, to make his own soap and candles out of mutton fat, and to guard himself from attacks by wild beasts and savage men. Once the station was nearly swept away by

* *The Lives of Robert and Mary Moffat.* By their Son, John S. Moffat. With Portraits, Maps, and Illustrations. London: T. Fisher & Unwin. 1885.

an invasion of a tribe called the Mantatees, who proved themselves a match for the Griquas and the Batlapins combined. It was not until the year 1826, after a struggle of ten years, that any real progress was made in teaching, and eventually converting, the natives. The standard of morality amongst the earlier missionaries had been very low; and even down to recent times it was not uncommon to find Moffat and his companions reproached for making use of their peculiar position for their own pecuniary advantage. It was said, for instance, that they were traders in disguise. The plain fact was that the missionaries were badly paid; that many of the necessities of life had to be provided; and that a quantity of clothing sent from England for the purposes of the mission was sold in order to meet the expense for new schoolrooms and to make the local resources go as far as possible. Moffat had to set up a mill for grinding corn, and in doing so met with an awkward accident from a cogwheel which might have been fatal. Occasionally he was at work up to his knees in water, cutting reeds for thatch. All these domestic details are graphically told in Mrs. Moffat's letters to her friends at home. One or two about the fleas and the dirt, the curious mixture with which the floor was cleaned, the rich milk spoilt by being poured into a dirty sack of goatskin, the mutton salted as is now done by farmers and shepherds in Scotland, and other domestic comforts and miseries might have been written by Jeanie Deans after she married Reuben Butler and settled down at Roseneath. In one letter she gives a striking account of a native child which she rescued from a premature death. The wretched mother had thrust the infant into a heap of stones, trusting that exposure or wild beasts would dispose of it. Indian missionaries are often accused of dwelling on the darkest points in the characteristics of those whom they are sent to convert. But no Hindu mother, except under the severe pressure of famine, would ever abandon her child in this way. She would have died with it.

Probably the account of the various dealings with the chief Mosilikatse, extending over years, separately told by Moffat in his own language elsewhere, will be interesting from the point of view of the settler and the politician as well as that of the missionary. This chief had fled westwards from Zululand as a fugitive. Moffat saw this redoubtable personage for the first time in 1829, after a journey through a picturesque and well-watered country, studded with the ruins of what are said to have once been thriving and populous villages and towns. He was received by some eight hundred armed men in full dress, who sang and danced a war-dance, while Mosilikatse was amazed at the appearance of the intruder's oxen and waggon. Moffat was not less impressed by the hospitality and proffered friendship of the chief than by the desolation and wretchedness of a depopulated country. But he does not tell us distinctly who was to blame for this havoc. Some six years afterwards Moffat accompanied a scientific mission to the chief, and literally may be said to have bearded Mosilikatse in his den. The main results of his expedition were a permission to members of the expedition to explore the country and a supply of timber for the roof of the church at Kuruman. This reception bears a powerful testimony to the ascendancy of a vigorous personal character over a wild and despotic chief. Nearly twenty years elapsed, and Mosilikatse had by that time changed his residence and gone into space much further north. The author notes, without perhaps an appreciation of its significance, the fact that the Boers, making a raid into this new and remote country near the Zambesi River, were obliged to beat a speedy retreat before the Matabele warriors. On this third visit Moffat had to encounter the secret or half-concealed opposition of a certain Sekhomi, chief of the Bamangwato tribe, who would not give him any guides, and ordered the Bushmen not to help him. However, Moffat pushed on, in spite of heavy rain, sandy rivers, and paths obstructed by huge boulders, to find the chief lame in both feet, dropsical, sitting on a skin, and hardly able to rise. Moffat evidently must have possessed some of that medical knowledge which pioneers of all sorts, secular or sacred, find of so much use, for in three months' time the old warrior was cured and walking about "with something of his old vigour." The fruits of this third visit were the restoration to her family of a Griqua girl, who had been captured some twenty years before, and the despatch of supplies and letters to Livingstone, Moffat's son-in-law, who by that time had gone from the interior to St. Paul de Loanda on the coast. A deadly feud existed between the Matabele, charged with the delivery of the supplies to Livingstone, and the Makalolo; but the latter took care of the packages left by their enemies on one bank of a river, carried them to the other side, and built a shed or roof over them for protection. Months afterwards, Livingstone found them quite safe. This expedition took Moffat some seven hundred miles from his own headquarters. The same wearying distance had to be gone over three years afterwards, in 1857, because the supporters of the London Missionary Society had entertained the impracticable project of establishing a joint or simultaneous mission to these above two hostile tribes—the Matabele and the Makalolo. The biographer says very little about this not very well-considered plan, which very soon failed. It is tolerably clear to us that Moffat was not sanguine on the subject, though no one was more ready to encounter hardships and difficulties in deference to precise orders from home. Mosilikatse himself seems to have made up his mind that the new mission ought not to be countenanced, and pithily expressed his own feelings. "Ramary or Moshetse," the names by which Moffat was known, "must come himself. These new men, I do not know them. All men are not alike." The Makalolo mission at once collapsed, and leave for a station at Inyati in

Matabele land was only obtained by the exertions and persuasive influence of Moffat himself. If this latter mission has not been wiped out as effectively as the Makalolo, it is difficult to make out from the editor's guarded remarks on the subject that it has had any tangible or useful results at all commensurate with the expenditure and sacrifice of life.

In spite of all these journeys, explanations, manual labour such as would have been too much for a man of much less powerful frame, Moffat found time to translate the Bible into the Sechuana language. The labour involved in reducing a barbarous language to writing, explaining its idioms and grammar, finding equivalents in it for theological and biblical terms, seeing to the types, the printing, and the composition, can be best appreciated by those who have been engaged in similar labour in India or North America.

Moffat's last years, though darkened by several domestic losses, were spent in comparative rest and comfort. He returned to England finally in 1870, and by the liberality of friends was presented with the sum of 5,000*l.*, which enabled a man of his simple tastes to live without being chargeable to his own Society. He pleaded constantly the cause of foreign missions, visited the scenes of his youth, and enjoyed the society of friends. One or two of his opinions may strike the reader as slightly illiberal or sectarian. He had no great admiration for parts of the Prayer-book, and he was quite bewildered by the contrast between the state and splendour of Lambeth Palace and the genial and sympathetic character of the late Primate. He was, however, strong as to the paramount duty of our Government to give adequate protection to the natives against the oppression of the Boers. And by his directness and honesty of aim, purity of motive, unremitting application of all powers of mind and body to the cause he had undertaken, and a personal character, commanding, resolute, and fearless, he has illustrated some of the best qualities of his nation, and has left an example in the treatment of untutored savages which traders and colonists, equally with missionaries, will do well to try and imitate.

MODERN ENGLISH CARICATURE.

THE form of Mr. Everitt's treatise on nineteenth-century caricature is a great deal better than the matter. The volume, in fact, is an exceedingly comely quarto, in good, fair paper, with broad margins, and those rough edges which the bookworm loves. More than that, the plates with which it is illustrated are remarkably well produced, are useful in themselves, and are neatly and clearly printed, so that they give a capital idea of the originals from which they are prepared. But at this point praise must cease. Mr. Everitt is industrious and has a genuine regard for his subject, but he is hardly qualified to write a history of caricature. He has none of the historical mind and not much of the judicial habit. He is not prepared with any theory of caricature in general, and his understanding of particulars is scarce so keen as to make amends for his shortcomings in the other direction. He has studied his men with enthusiasm; but how far they were representative of their epochs, how they came to be themselves, what in themselves they were, and how much of them remains for the benefit of posterity—all these are questions he has no mind to ask, and which, it is assumed, he would not, if somebody asked them for him, be ready to answer.

We have read (for instance) his account of Robert Cruikshank. It is perhaps the fullest in existence, but the idea we get from it of Robert's peculiar qualities and of the scope and importance of Robert's achievement is of the vaguest. Again, we find him objecting to French caricature *en bloc*—Grandville with Cham, the mighty Daumier with the corrupt and elegant Gavarni; but he gives us no reason, and we are obliged to conclude that his critical sense is hardly what it should be. After this it is not surprising, perhaps, that we should find him talking about the "marvellous genius" of Gustave Doré, and remarking of his own contemporaries that, with the exception of "Mr. Caldecott and Colonel Seecombe," they are men whose work is without "character"; so that "you pass them by, and straightway forget them." To be able to say this of Mr. Tenniel, of Mr. Furness, above all, of Mr. Charles Keene, argues a critical incapacity of no common order. As we have said, too, Mr. Everitt is equally at fault in dealing with the larger lines and the broader issues of his theme. How and why it was that the large and impressive savagery of Gillray dwindled down into the elegant littleness of H. B. is no concern of his. He sees that Rowlandson—large, rank, boisterous, coarsely and sensually humorous—has little or nothing in common with George Cruikshank, and little with Leech and Richard Doyle; but the inquiry as to how it was that *The Scourge* became *Punch*, and in place of Westmacott and his dreadful kind we were handed over to the more gentlemanly and humane reprobation of Jerrold and Lemon and Albert Smith, appears to him, so far as we can judge, to lie beyond the scope of his labours. At any rate, he does not attempt it; he is too busily employed in raking up old scandals about Mrs. Clarke and Pen-Green Hayne, about Colonel Berkeley and Moll Cole and Joanna Southcote, about Mrs. Cox and Edmund Kean and the "Green Bag" dear to Thomas Moore and the wits in Opposition sixty or seventy years ago. In the case of Napoleon, and the intense and very laudable hatred with which he

* *English Caricaturists and Graphic Humourists of the Nineteenth Century.* By Graham Everitt. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1886

contrived to inspire the English nation at large, from Farmer George to the meanest of his subjects downwards, Mr. Everitt is, to do him justice, somewhat more far-reaching and philosophical. He is far too credulous of his hero's word, it is true, and inclines to believe upon mere report him whom none with the habit of evidence will believe upon oath. But he does tell the story of his hero's malefactions, and he does contrive to show that Britons would have been slaves indeed had they not resented to the death the magnificent enormity by which these feats in statecraft were distinguished. For the rest, he may be said to have read almost too much, and certainly to have digested too little. His pages teem with descriptions of caricatures which are laboriously complete, and as laboriously meaningless and unsuggestive; and as his commentary, both verbal and graphic, is of necessity (perhaps) confined to the more decent and characteristic parts of his subject, its effect, as may be imagined, is neither useful nor profound. He has compiled (in one word) an amusing series of notes on certain artists and their work, and on the personages and events by which they were inspired; but, after him as before, the history of caricature remains to be written.

The subject, it may be admitted, is vast and complicated enough to defy treatment from any but a man in whom the genius of history is united with a fine and generous sense of art. Moreover, it is a theme which must either be handled boldly, or be altogether let alone. Our ancestors, it is evident, were a trifle too gross and brutal in their amusements to seem commendable or instructive to us their descendants: Gillray, in the Lascivious Countess and the Diversions of the Prince of Orange, is, for instance, in appalling contrast with Mr. Du Maurier on the freaks of aestheticism, and with Mr. Caldecott, or even Colonel Seecombe, *passim*. They did not shrink from coarseness; they exulted in it. They were not content to prick you delicately with their moral, as with a pin; they must hit you over the head with it, as with a bludgeon, they must impose it upon you as with a well-aimed and monstrous boot; or they hardly thought they had brought it home. Thackeray has told us how Hogarth, if he had to draw a woman with her throat cut, was not satisfied unless he showed her with her head sawn half off her shoulders; and Hogarth is a type of the race in literature as well as in art. Smollett, in *The Adventures of an Atom*, is physical enough to give the author of *Candide* points and an easy beating; Gillray and Rowlandson are in these days not to be analyzed to ears polite; the Yahoos of Swift are painted with a breadth, a freedom, a juiciness not less uncompromising in method than incomparable in effect. Even Shelley, a creature all fire and air, has only to try his hand at satire to produce (in *Swellfoot the Tyrant*) a work which has all the national rankness if it has none of the national humour; even such a gentleman as Thackeray was capable of writing of finger-glasses and Lady Smigamag's false teeth in terms and with a gusto that are in these days impossible to man. It has been said of Cruikshank that his work was never of the type that calls "a blush to the cheek of modesty." But this, as Mr. Everitt remarks, is nonsense. Cruikshank was the heir of Gillray in more respects than one; he could be unseemly with the best of his predecessors; and in his last work as in his earliest, in "The Bottle," as in the designs contributed to *The Scourge*, he approved himself the artist of violent effects, of brutal conclusions, of uncompromising thoroughness in intention and unscrupulous directness in result. It would be perhaps excessive to say that the spirit of caricature is essentially gross, truculent, and unfair. There is a certain truth in the theory, of course; but to be logical we should have to admit (which seems presumptuous and even unadvisable) that the age of caricature is past, and that Messrs. Keene and Tenniel and Du Maurier are not caricaturists, but only comic draughtsmen. What, however, is certain is that the caricaturist is hardly complete without a strain of the *sæva indignatio*; and that when that enters into his composition to any appreciable extent, he is given, in the wrath of his heart, to make himself as offensive as he can. Manners have changed, no doubt; and we are every whit as content with the gently critical suggestions of Mr. Tenniel as our forefathers were with the enormous indecencies of Gillray. But it seems proved, besides, that if our emotional capacity in certain directions remains undiminished, our taste for the expression of emotion is not nearly so strong as it used to be. We have lost our fondness for offence, as we have our liking for horseplay; for *Tom Jones* and *Humphry Clinker* we have more or less satisfactory equivalents in *Washington Square* and *A Princess of Thule*; we are as incapable of grinning through a collar as of smiting with a club. To take a single case in point—had the desertion and death of Gordon happened in the days of Pitt and Canning, we may think, and blush at the thought, of the tremendous uses to which it would have been put by such a man as Gillray, and of the impression that Gillray would have produced upon his public. We have only to recall its effects upon ourselves and the artists by whom we are represented to be conscious that something has passed from our possession. Is it the capacity of feeling deeply? Is it the secret of caricature? And, finally, have we lost or have we gained by the change?

These are questions proper, not to a journal, but to a history of caricature, and with their discussion Mr. Everitt, as we have seen, does in no wise concern himself. It would not be fair to compare him with Champfleury; for Champfleury is an *esprit chercheur*, and has the French capacity for inquiry and discussion, the French habit of system, the French mastery of method and expression. But the comparison is in some sort inevitable, and needs must that Mr. Everitt be the sufferer. There was every

reason why he should write his book, and almost every reason why he should write it well. But the occasion has been too much for him; he has succeeded no better than Messrs. Wright and Grego and Ashton. The true story of English caricature is still to tell. Who will undertake the task?

A NEW QUARTERLY.

THE projectors of the *Asiatic Quarterly Review* (Fisher Unwin), the first (January) number of which appeared towards the end of the old year, may take it as a happy omen that within a few days after their venture was launched the already great interest of England in the East was increased by the addition of a new and important district to the region where England rules. It is quite evident that the contention for Asia will be keener than ever in the future, and the new *Review* may do good service in keeping Englishmen aware of facts concerning which only journalists (those painful and not warmly thanked servants of the public) know how hard it is to drive information into the public mind. The *Review* starts with excellent names, and, which is better, with good papers. The editor, Mr. Demetrius Boulger, gives a paper on "Early English Enterprise in the Far East," which is perhaps a little open to the objection that it deals too cursorily with a very large subject. A long and learned paper by Sir George Birdwood on "The Christmas-tree" may also tempt Momus, because of the wholesale way in which the author accepts sun-myths, phallicism, Accadians, Professor Sayce, and a large number of other questionable things and persons. But no man can want better authorities than Sir Owen Burne on "Lord Strathnairn," or Sir Lepel Griffin on "The Restitution of Gwalior Fort." Mr. R. K. Douglas speaks with equal weight on the question of the historical relations between "China and Burmah," as does Professor Vambéry on "The Turks in Persia and the Caucasus." For the general reader the two most interesting papers are, however, undoubtedly Colonel Yule's account of his forthcoming book entitled "Hobson-Jobson," and Mr. J. G. Scott's article on "The Chinese Brave." The mere Englishman will probably be profoundly puzzled by the title "Hobson-Jobson," unless he knows beforehand that it is the traditional contemptuous Anglicisation by Tommy Atkins of the Mahomedan cry of "Hassan!" "Hosein!" during the Mohurram ceremonies. Colonel Yule chose this, it seems, as the most curious of the various hybrid terms that have grown up between Asiatic and European languages—which hybrids are to be dealt with in regular dictionary fashion by his book. As for "Shway Yoe," no one who has read anything of that delightful writer's will fail to turn to "The Chinese Brave." The article is written with serious intent, and Mr. Scott's conclusion (which few men have recently had better opportunities of forming) is that the Chinese might "make themselves unassailable by any nation on earth," but that it will probably be a long time before they do so.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE Comte de Baillon, as all students of French history and French literature know, is an enthusiastic devotee of the two Henriettas of England, the wife and the daughter of Charles I. He has already written his book on the *mater pulchra*, and now he produces the companion volume on the *filia pulchrior* (1) (by the way, the photographed frontispiece is not complimentary to "Madame"). The youth, the beauty, the amiability, and the tragical and rather mysterious end of Henrietta the younger, even without the magnificent funeral *éloge* which Bossuet gave her, have always made, and probably will always make, her memory interesting. She certainly had one of the most thoroughly detestable as well as contemptible of husbands, and she certainly made every one else who came near her love her. Only a very stern moralist will reproach her very severely for the readiness with which she lent herself to the plans of Louis for enticing Charles II. into a state of vassalage-alliance, which was in the long run as disastrous to France as it was dishonourable (for it is curious how little real harm the treaty of Dover did us) to England. Women are never unbiassed judges where their private and family affections are concerned, and it would be a great pity if they were. But whether the critic can go to M. de Baillon's enthusiastic length of believing Henrietta to have been as irreproachable in conduct as she was amiable in character and person is another question. There is, it is true, no positive proof that she was, in the technical sense, unfaithful to that most despicable of all French princes of the blood (without even the exception of his uncle and namesake), whom fate and metaphysical unkindness assigned her for a husband. But when M. de Baillon argues that she could not have been unfaithful, because she told Monsieur that she had not been so, we really must say that the premises seems scarcely to warrant the conclusion. A similar laxity of historical criticism seems to be implied in the argument that the Princess Palatine could not really have believed that the Chevalier de Lorraine poisoned her predecessor, because she, the same Princess Palatine, was afterwards on good terms

(1) *Henriette Anne d'Angleterre*. Par le Comte de Baillon. Paris: Didier.

with the Chevalier. Most assuredly we have no intention to commit ourselves to the theory that this pretty Princess was no better than she should be, or to the other theory that she was poisoned by the scoundrelly creatures of her husband. But one can hardly avoid seeing that, if against each of these theories nothing better than the arguments just quoted can be brought, they must have considerable probability in their favour. All this, however, interferes little with the narrative interest of M. de Baillon's book. He has drawn upon, and to a great extent wrought into his narrative, not merely the letters from Henrietta to her brother Charles which Mrs. Everett Green translated and published, but the chiefly unpublished replies which exist in the Foreign Office at Paris.

To say what is in a new novel by M. Fortuné du Boisgobey (2) would be to inflict a wrong, not to confer a benefit, on his admirers. They don't want to know what is in it; they had much rather not. As we turn the pages we come upon the phrase, "la triste histoire d'une série de crimes inouis." That is just what the Boisgobeyistes want, except that they do not find it at all triste. Therefore the crimes and the other things shall be inouis as far as we are concerned, save for the remark that they appear to be just as good as ever. M. Hector Malot also is generally *par sibi*, and *Le Lieutenant Bonnet* (3) has his practised and artificer-like, if not quite artist-like, execution, a considerable amount of pathos, and fair narrative interest.

M. Edouard Delpit's *Revanche de l'enfant* (4) is a study of conjugal jealousy by no means wanting in ingenuity and power. The Marquis de Lauzerte, who found his wife secretly fondling a remarkably fine infant of whose origin nobody knew anything, must be admitted to have had some slight excuse, except for the violence of his language. M. Paul Mahalin has almost made his reputation, though we regret to say that, even among lovers of adventure and raw heads and bones to match in this country, it is not uncommon to find persons who do not know him. Perhaps it is for this reason that he has put much English and American matter in *La filleule de Lagardère* (5). We hope it is not rude to say that we like him better in his own tongue and country. What is an "acropedestrian"? It is something of which "l'Angleterre est la terre classique," but we can only imagine that it walks on the points of its toes, and even then it is a vile thing; and when M. Mahalin informs us that "Times is money," we can but reply, "Only threepence." However, there is always merit in M. Mahalin. There are traits of pathos in the Breton stories of *L'oncle Yanick* (6). We wish we could compliment the author on having learnt how to write of the war of 1870. It is scarcely too much to say that, of ten Frenchmen who write on that subject, nine rather add to than diminish the discredit of their country. It may be difficult to do better; but why not hold the tongue? M. Narjoux has already given one rather interesting picture of French "local government," and he now adds another (7). The political study weighs down the novel a little, but not wholly. *Les Pastaré* (8) is one of those sketches of provincial life in France the material of which seems to be inexhaustible.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

READERS of *A Danish Parsonage* will find all the characteristics of that delightful study of domesticity in *An American in Norway* (W. H. Allen & Co.) By this it will be understood there is nothing in Mr. Vicary's book that suggests the tourist; no dreary catalogue of sights or record of hotel experience, no vapid wonderment or still more vapid depreciation, no foolish appraising of nature by the popular measure of comparison. The personality of the writer pervades the volume like a bracing atmosphere. The home-life of a Norwegian family who entertain a young American guest forms the nucleus of a vivacious story, in which are skilfully woven many stirring exploits on fjelds, fjords, and rivers, quaint folk-lore legends, and some frank idyllic love-making. The domestic circle includes a doughty Cornishman, whose feats with rod and gun are salutary "eye-openers" for the American, and produce a diverting hero-worship in Jacob Oppedal, their faithful attendant. The tired sportsmen are entertained within doors by some curious stories of huldre and troll, and enjoy so pleasant a time that it is not surprising they are bewitched by the young ladies of the household. Altogether the book is one of the most genial and inspiring of its kind.

A pretty idea is prettily realized in Miss May Crommelin's *Poets in the Garden* (T. Fisher Unwin), a kind of poetical dictionary of the tributes of English poets to the beauty or excellence of flowers. Wild flowers are naturally more honoured than such garden exotics as the dahlia, the fuchsia, or the geranium, though Miss Crommelin has swept a wide field for her anthology. For florists and lovers of poetry the most interesting extracts are drawn from Chaucer and the Elizabethans, and here, though Miss Crommelin's industry is most commendable, the specimens might be largely

(2) *La violette bleue*. Par Fortuné du Boisgobey. Paris: Plon.

(3) *Le Lieutenant Bonnet*. Par Hector Malot. Paris: Charpentier.

(4) *La revanche de l'enfant*. Par Edouard Delpit. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(5) *La filleule de Lagardère*. Par Paul Mahalin. Deux tomes. Paris: Tresse.

(6) *Les récits de l'oncle Yanick*. Par Charles Fessard. Paris: Plon.

(7) *M. le Député de Chavone*. Par F. Narjoux. Paris: Plon.

(8) *Les Pastaré*. Par Roger Dombrea. Paris: Plon.

added to. The exposition of the editor is generally sound and accurate, though we are not told what flower is designated by Jonson's and Drayton's "sops-in-wine." Under the heading "Columbine" we do not find the "azure culver-keys" of Davors, which for long agitated poetic florists, though its derivative significance seems obvious. The work, however, is well executed, on the whole, and affords much speculation to the reader.

From the pages of *Knowledge* Mr. R. A. Proctor reprints two practical and cheering essays entitled *Strength and Happiness* (Longmans & Co.) The former embodies a good deal of admirable advice.

The Rev. H. H. Bishop deals with an extensive subject in his concise and readable little handbook, *Architecture in relation to Our Parish Churches* (S. P. C. K.) The survey is necessarily limited in certain particulars, though the generalized review of the origin and progress of church architecture has a well-preserved continuity. The book is profusely illustrated by small woodcuts of exteriors only, many of which are merely iterative.

Professor Knight's admirable edition of the *Poetical Works of William Wordsworth* (Edinburgh: Paterson) has advanced in the seventh volume to the poems of 1834. It illustrates with irresistible force the advantages of the chronological scheme, and leaves nothing to be desired in the editing. The notes are truly elucidative, while both type and paper are excellent.

The labours of an ardent evangelist are chronicled in *John Gordon of Pitlurg and Parkhill* (Nisbet & Co.), a book that should interest many, apart from the special class to whom it is naturally addressed.

Mrs. White's *Memoir and Letters of Jenny C. White del Bal* (Dublin: Gill & Son) is one of the numerous class of biographies that have a private rather than a public interest. The letters reveal an affectionate, courageous nature, and are animated by the fervour of a devout Roman Catholic.

Mr. F. G. Heath may possibly do good service if he induces his readers to betake themselves to the sources that inspire his *Sylvan Winter* (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.) We cannot say there is much in his commentary on Gilpin that will lead people to study that delightful writer, nor do we share his satisfaction in the woodcuts that embellish his text.

Among our new editions are Professor Sylvanus Thompson's *Dynamo-Electric Machinery* (E. & F. N. Spon); the translation in one volume of Miss Wallis's historical novel, *Royal Favour* (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.); Mr. Heywood's *Antonius: a Dramatic Poem*, revised (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.); a new edition of the *Poems of Henry Abbey* (Kington, N.Y.: Abbey).

We have received Dr. Edersheim's *History of Israel and Judah* (Religious Tract Society), an excellent contribution to the author's series of Biblical histories; the English edition of *The Vegetable Garden*, by M. M. Vilmorin-Andrieux (John Murray), edited by Mr. William Robinson; Mr. G. T. Brown's *Life on the Farm*, one of the "Farm" series of handbooks (Bradbury, Agnew, & Co.); Mr. Alfred Haggard's translation of the Marquise de Lambert's *Counsels to a Mother* (Hodsdell); *The Mother's Manual of Children's Diseases*, by Dr. Charles West (Longmans & Co.); *The Home Hymn-Book* (Novello, Ewer, & Co.), which includes a number of new tunes by well-known composers; Mr. Arthur H. Brown's *In Excelsis Gloria*, a collection of Christmas Carols (Bosworth & Co.); an essay on *Coal Mines*, by Mr. Henry Stirk (Effingham Wilson); and the yearly volume of *Life and Work*, a parish magazine (Edinburgh: R. & R. Clark).

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications: and to this rule we can make no exception.

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